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Remnant of missives complaints re: title of mag. What does it *mean*?

Heavy metal: guns or shot of large size, hence, *fig.*, ability, mental or bodily; power, influence, as "he is a man of heavy metal"...
Oxford English Dictionary

"*Heavy metal* rock is to music what the atom bomb is to warfare..."
Chuck Young, *Rolling Stone*

"Do not believe the calumny that our metal fallout will turn the planet into a slag heap. And in any case, is that worse than a compost heap? *Heavy metal* is our program and we are prepared to sink through it..."
William Burroughs, *The Soft Machine*

or, to mix up your meta and your physics, *Heavy Metal* is for those who grasp the specific gravity of the situation....

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Collector's Items

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel The Sword of Shannara, Harzak, and more.

HM #2/MAY,1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue.

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features Nightshades, poetry by Corben's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedon Rockbiter, the highly praised Sheila, the first chapter of David's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak.

HM #4/JULY, 1977: It a must for Moebius fans, with 10 pages of Harzak and his left spy wear. The Long Tomorrow, with the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Sims, and the horrible Gold Queen.

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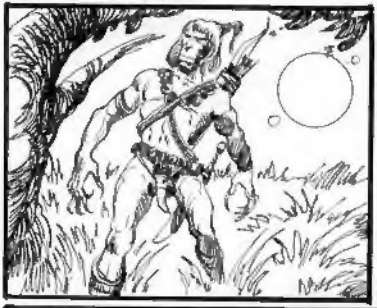
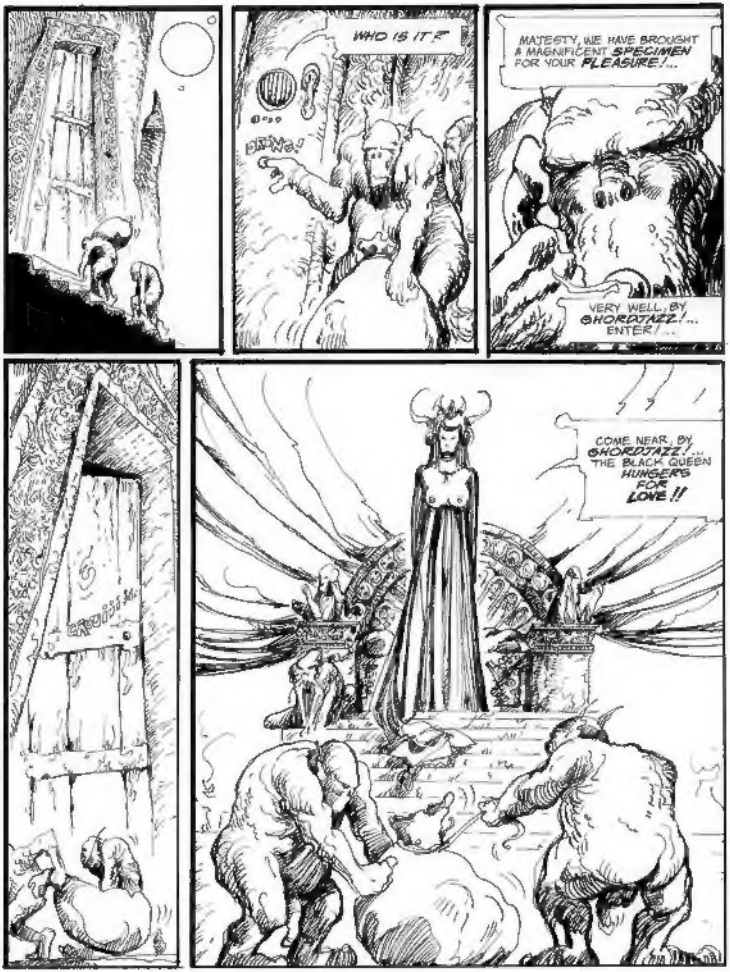
A SEACOAST IN **BOHEMIA**...

THE BLACK QUEEN

STORY BY MARCEL GOTLIB

DRAWINGS BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET



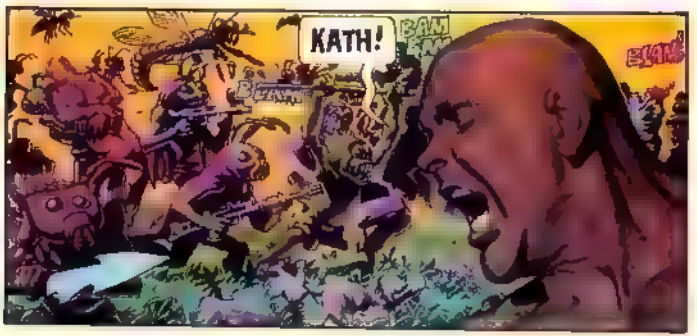

WHO IS IT?
BANG!
MAJESTY, WE HAVE BROUGHT A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN FOR YOUR PLEASURE!...
VERY WELL, BY @HORDJAZZ!... ENTER!...
COME NEAR, BY @HORDJAZZ!... THE BLACK QUEEN HUNGERS FOR LOVE!!

OPEN THE SACK, BY GHORDJAZZ!!
AAARRRGGGHH! NO! BY GHORDJAZZ!!
AAARRRGGGHH! HIS HANDS! HIS NAILS! BY GHORDJAZZ, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU?... FILTHY SCUM, DISGUSTING HUMANS!!...
BY GHORDJAZZ, THOSE REPULSIVE NAILS! I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!
CUT OFF HIS HANDS!

CARRY THESE REPUGNANT REMAINS AWAY AND THROW THEM INTO THE SWAMP AS ORGANIC FERTILIZER!! BY GHORDJAZZ!! I WILL NOT STAND FOR THESE CREATURES WHO BITE THEIR NAILS!!...
IT'S STRONGER THAN I... I HOPE BY NOW THAT THIS IS UNDERSTOOD BY GHORDJAZZ.
FOR THOSE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT GHORDJAZZ, HEAVY METAL ANNOUNCES THAT IT WILL PUBLISH A FULL REPORT AND AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW IN ITS JULY 2012 ISSUE.
FIN

DEN In this strange world, Neverwhere, I met a beautiful woman and we fell in love. But a hideous creature from my forgotten past had intruded. The barbaric chieftain was about to kill me when a swarm of insect monsters attacked.

I grabbed wildly, crushing Gel's genitals an instant before my neck would have snapped. I screamed with the effort of throwing him back. He bellowed his agony.

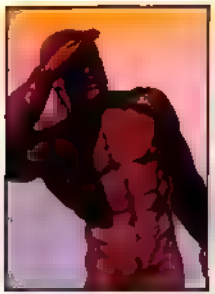


One of the insect warriors had grabbed Kath and bore her onto his mount. Even as I charged, they flew

The spear hit the flyer but did not stop it. I zigzagged across the battlefield and ran headlong through the thick undergrowth to elude the combatants.

I ran hard and thought my heart would burst. Kath's life depended upon it.

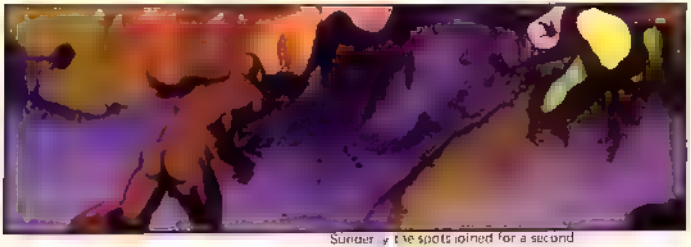
As I broke out the open desert I was dismayed to see the abductor and a comrade rapidly recede in the alien sky. Mechanically I continued the futile pursuit. A third tiny dot rose toward the fleeing pair.



I was astonished to see the third spot attack the first two

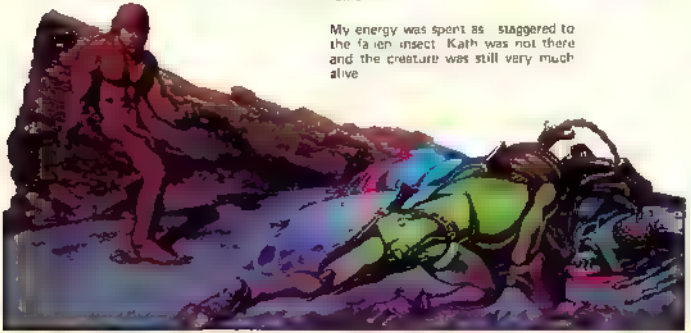
The newcomer struck one of the insect layers and it plummeted

Then the stranger circled and worried Kath's abductor. I prayed she would not fall



Suddenly the spots joined for a second and then the insect started downward. I impotently screamed in anguish and ran on.

My energy was spent as I staggered to the fallen insect. Kath was not there and the creature was still very much alive



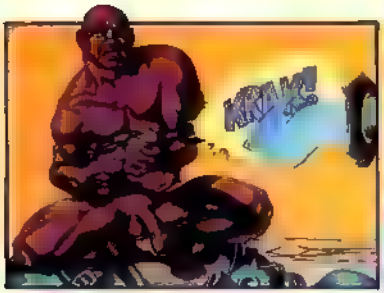
As he reached for his firearm, I leaped.

I grabbed the insect and rolled, pulling him with me.

He was instantly brandishing a shortsword.

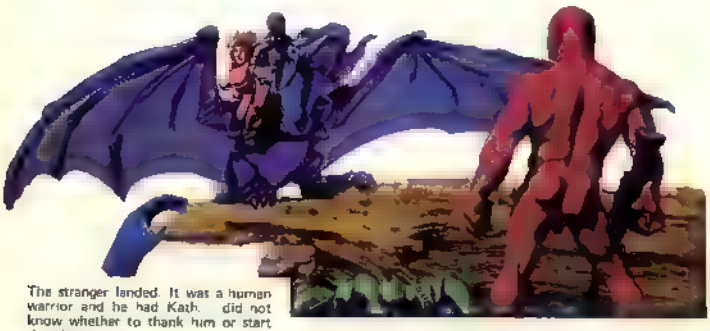
His blade arched toward me. I sprung back.

I landed on his dead mount and withdrew the gun. He drew back the sword.



and threw it as I fired.

The insect's throat exploded. He leaped with arms and legs flailing. When he hit the sand he was dead. I was untouched.

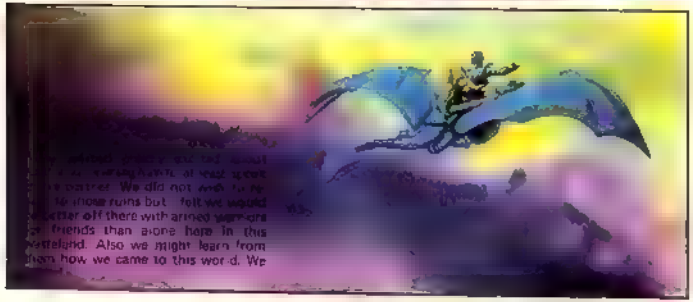


The stranger landed. It was a human warrior and he had Kath... did not know whether to thank him or start shooting.

Hello Dar . I was on my way to the ru ns at Ne horc when I saw those fiends with Keth.
don't know what to say Kang. Thank you We're greatly indebted to you

Never mind that. Come, take some food with me. I would speak to you of other things
I'm relieved that every one we meet in this land is trying to k os

You have the looks of one who intends to survive regardless of the odds. Will you accompany me to those ruins? I am meeting a person there and he can offer you great riches if you will help us.


e partner. We did not wish to re to those ruins but felt we would better off there with armed warriors friends than alone here in this wasteland. Also we might learn from them how we came to this world. We

Ah, he is here already with the workmen. He is extremely rich Den and we are going to overthrow the evil queen.
Revolt seems quite popular here
You refer to that brainless outlaw Gel. He is no threat to the queen or us. Help us Den and we'll give you a fortune. We must free the people. We now have taken these ruins of Neborc. Soon all will be ours
We're not interested in a fortune
Think about it Den. But now he awaits you
Den meet Ard.

TO BE CONTINUED...

"Heavy Metal is fantastic! It's better than being stoned. Almost."

[illegible] Rocco
Los Angeles [illegible]

Circulation of Heavy Metal has tripled since it first went on sale in mid March of this year.

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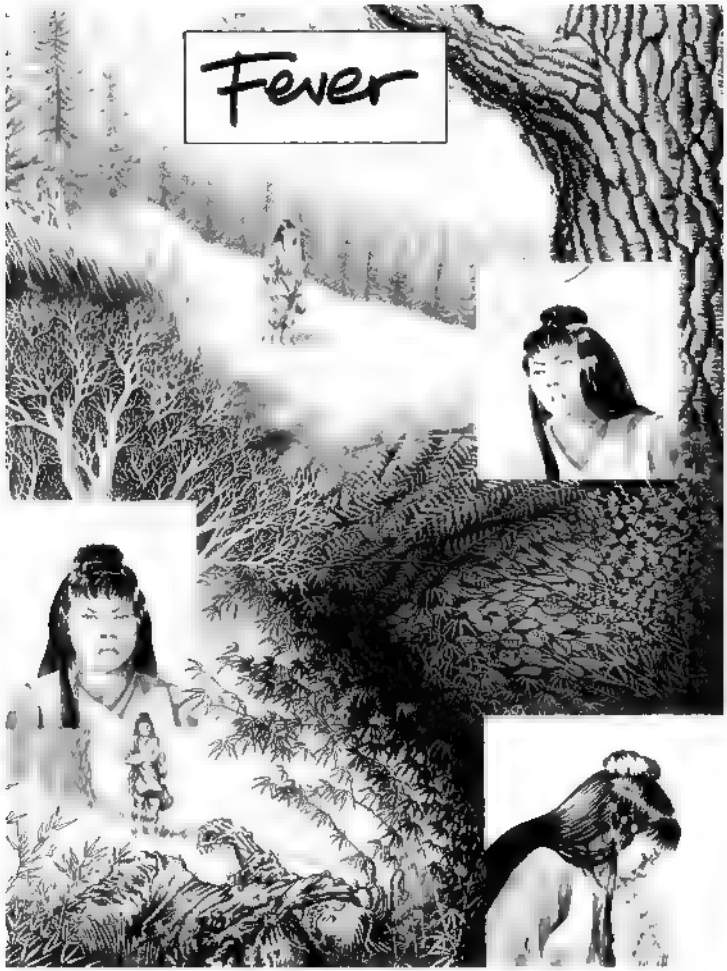
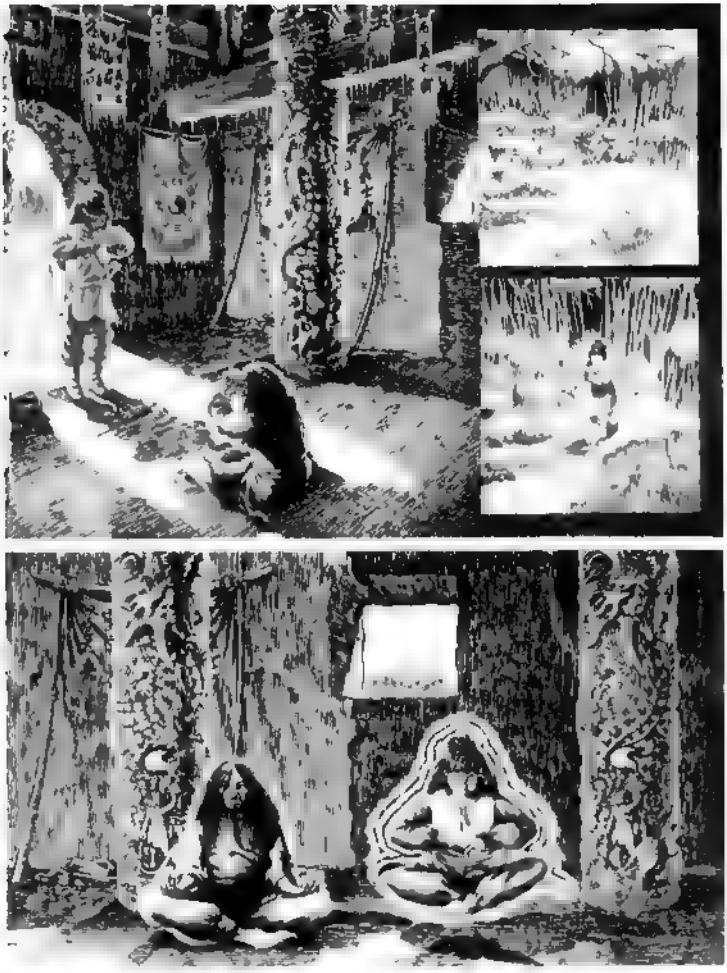
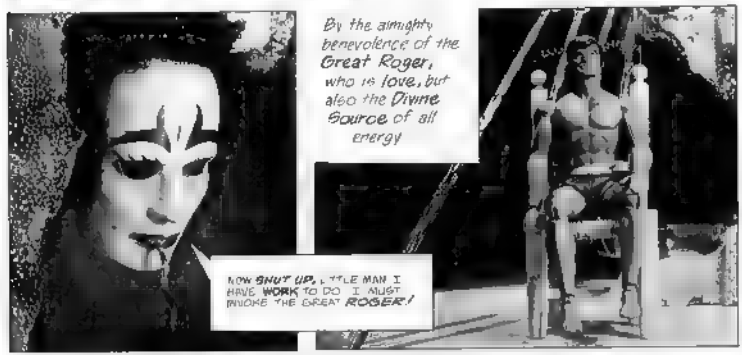
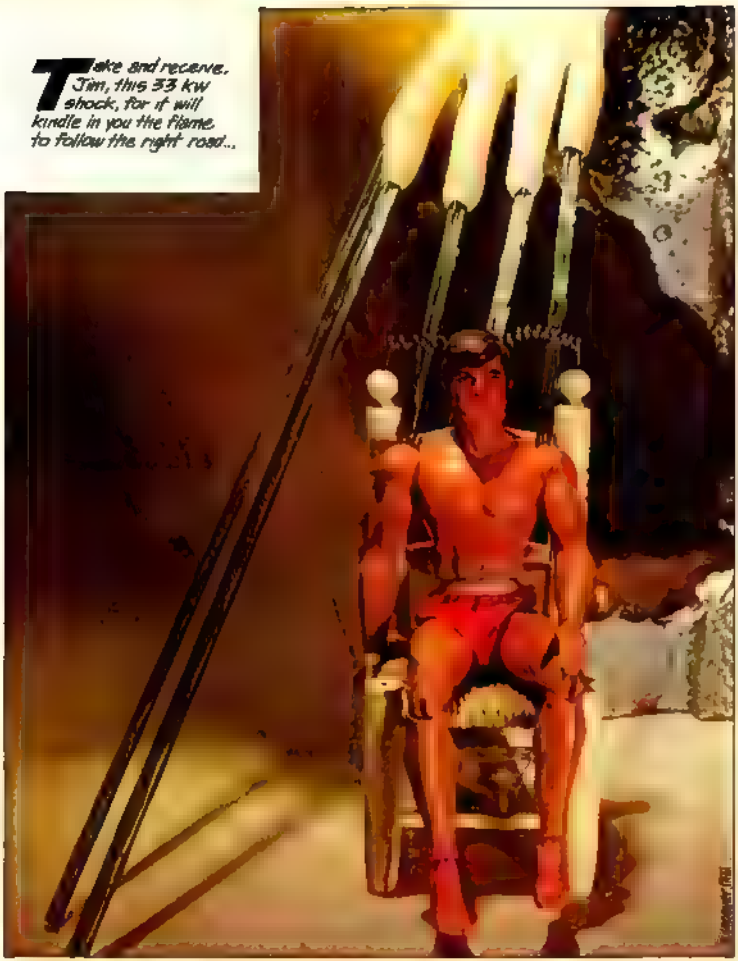

Fever



"No! I have simply ordered that he **return** all the **energy** he has squandered on his **revolt** against the **established order!**"

O.K. BOSS, I MAY TAKE AN EON BEFORE I KNOW THAT I AM MAD AND DANGEROUS!
YOUR REPARATION FILE SAID IT WOULD TAKE A LONG TIME. I AM EVEN PREPARED TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE IRREPARABLE! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

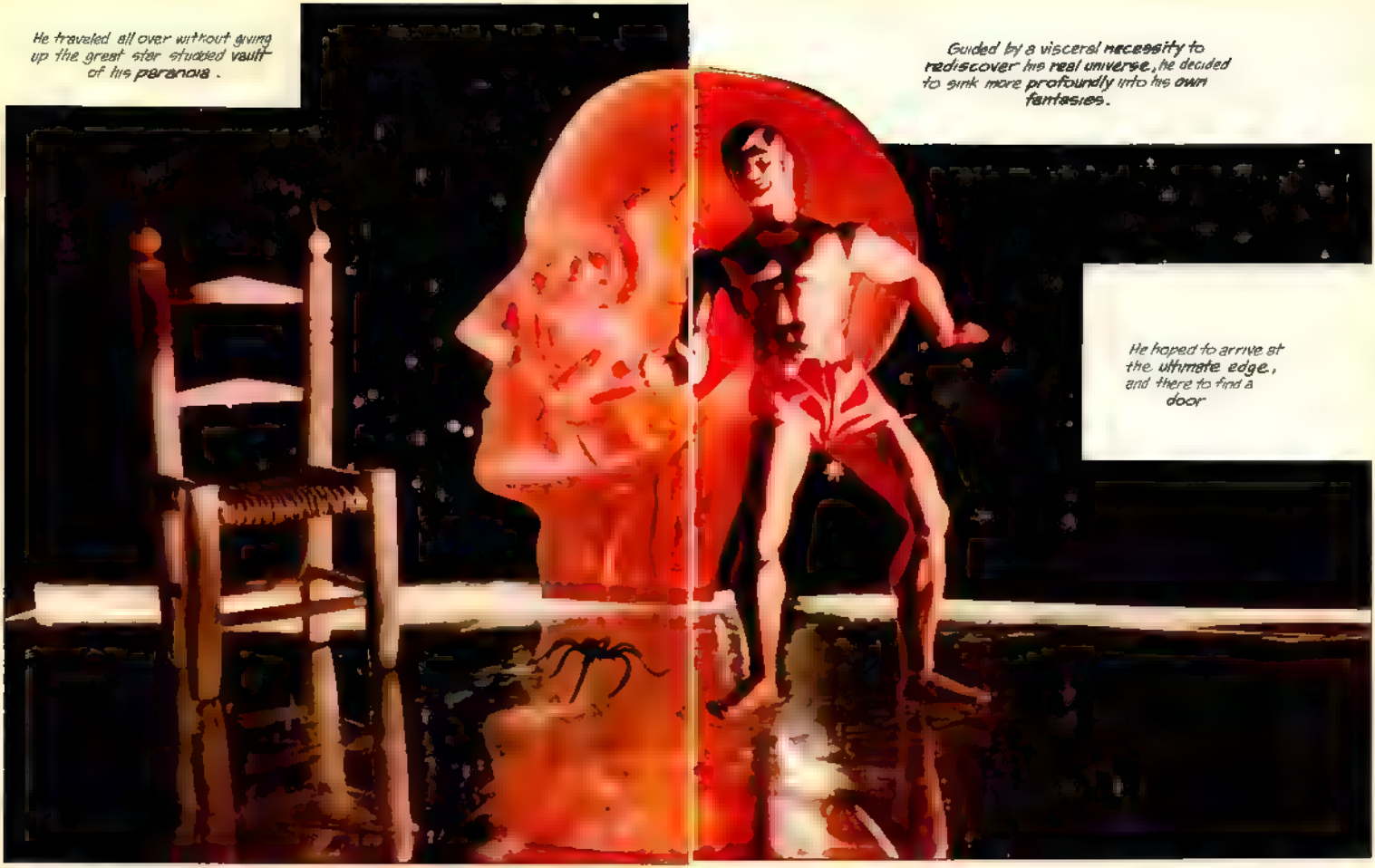

By the almighty benevolence of the Great Roger, who is love, but also the Divine Source of all energy
NOW SHUT UP, LITTLE MAN! I HAVE WORK TO DO. I MUST INVOKE THE GREAT ROGER!


Take and receive, Jim, this 33 kw shock, for it will kindle in you the flame, to follow the right road...

I FEEL NOTHING. IT DOESN'T WORK
YET I KNOW NOW THAT THE RIGHT WAY WILL NOT LEAD ME INTO ANY WORLD THAT IS NOT MY OWN
YOU CAN HAVE NO REAL EFFECT ON ME NEITHER YOU, NOR ROGER!

YOU EXIST ONLY IN MY SICK SOUL.
THIS WORLD, MY LITTLE MAN IS HELL, BUT YOU CAN LEAVE IT
WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND ZOE AGAIN!
IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO CONVINCE HER TO CONSTRUCT WITH YOU THE WORLD TO WHICH YOU HAVE A RIGHT, DOWN THERE!
GOOD-BYE!
The little plastic man conformed to the model Jim left to find Zoë, his soul sister, Zoë, the great normalized gash!

He traveled all over without giving up the great star studded vault of his paranoia .


He traveled all over without giving up the great star studded vault of his paranoia.
Guided by a visceral necessity to rediscover his real universe, he decided to sink more profoundly into his own fantasies.
He hoped to arrive at the ultimate edge, and there to find a door

Guided by a visceral necessity to rediscover his real universe, he decided to sink more profoundly into his own fantasies.
He hoped to arrive at the ultimate edge, and there to find a door .

An entrance to reality
or a hollow, shadowy land, the breath of God moving upon the face of its waters.
God said, "Let man be made after our image and likeness and have dominion over the fish of the sea and fowl of the air "
THERE IS NOTHING MORE FOR YOU TO BELIEVE IN, ZOE.

Always following the voice of his **folly**, *he ended up in a new place, almost a desert*

IT IS SAID THAT WE SHOULD GO FORTH AND MULTIPLY AND THAT OUR DESCENDANTS SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH!
And over the beasts, all the wild beasts and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

Thus, in closing the door, he left the old agonies behind him

Have mercy on us!..

Fin

WHEN POLONIUS DECIDED TO LEAVE THOSE BARREN LANDS, WHERE HE HAD BEEN STRUG GLING TO SURVIVE ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS, HE HESITATED BEFORE TURNING HIS STEPS TOWARDS RU. HE HAD HEARD THE TERRIBLE TALES TOLD ABOUT THAT TOWN BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE
POLONIUS
SCRIPT PICARET
ART TARDI
?
!
HEY!
YARR
?

MUCH LATER WHEN HE CAME TO HIS SENSES, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN CHAINS
ON YOUR FEET!
HERE, MASTER, IS THE SPY WE CAPTURED!
I'M NOT A SPY!
AARR
SHUT UP!
IT IS USELESS TO ATTEMPT TO APPEAL THE TRIBUNAL IS PITY! THE SENTENCE IS FINAL!
YOU ARE CONDEMNED TO WORK IN THE QUARRIES UNTIL YOUR DEATH!

THE QUARRIES OF TWARROG, THE PRISON, THE HELL WHERE THEY SENT ALL THE VAGRANTS LIKE POLGARUS, ALL WHO HAD THE MISFORTUNE I THINK, THAT THERE MIGHT BE A PLACE FOR THEM IN RU
UH! UH! UH! UH! UH!
HEY YOU, FAGGOT, MOVE YOUR ASS. YOU SCUM!
UH! UH! UH!

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. I MUST ESCAPE FROM THEM. I MUST ESCAPE. ESCAPE AT ANY PRICE!
ONE DAY...
WHO IS THAT OVER THERE...?
GENERAL EGYPIOS. DON'T STEP WORKING.
!!!
HO!
FFFCHUH!

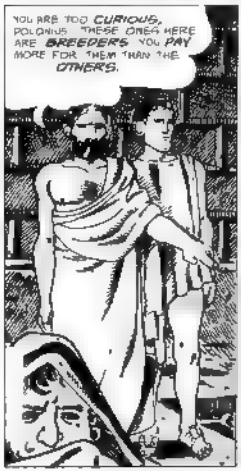
AAA
MY CHANCE AT LAST..
?
QUICK! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
STOP!
NO WAY!
GENERAL! GENERAL!
AAAK..
THE SHOCK KNOCKED HIM OUT.

I DO NOT WISH TO KNOW WHY YOU DID THAT
BUT WHATEVER THE REASON I GRANT YOU YOUR FREEDOM!
AS FOR YOUR COMPANION
HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO SWIM
IN THE SPRING, WHEN POLONIUS REACHED THE CITY OF RU, HE WAS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF GENERAL EGYPIOS
AT LAST THAT GREAT CITY POLONIUS SO DESIRED TO KNOW
RU!

MY PALACE!
AS YOU CAN SEE I LEAD AN EXISTENCE THAT HAS ITS PLEASANT SIDES. I KNOW YOU DO NOT LIKE THIS CITY MUCH BUT YOU CAN MAKE IT
TOMORROW WE WILL GO TO THE SLAVE MARKET AND BUY A BEAUTY LIKE THIS FOR YOU

BUT WHY DO YOU KICK THEM UP HERE LIKE BEASTS?

TO ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS IS TO COMPLICATE LIFE FOR NOTHING


YOU ARE TOO CURIOUS, POLONIUS. THESE ONES HERE ARE BREEDERS. YOU PAY MORE FOR THEM THAN THE OTHERS.

THAT ONE SEEMS NICE.

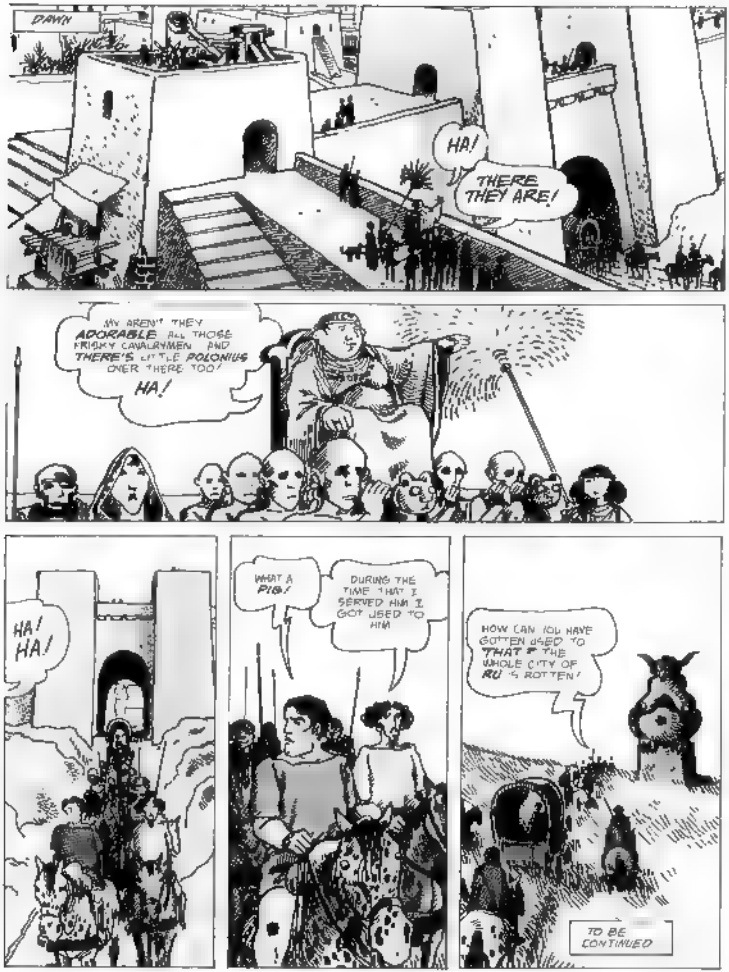
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
EZZULIA

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
?
WHAT IS THAT THING WHICH YOU CONTINUALLY FONDLE?
I NEVER DARED SPEAK OF IT TO YOU UNTIL NOW IT WAS CHIMOS WHO GAVE IT TO ME
WHAT? YOU KNOW THAT CHARACTER? THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!
HE'S A FOOL!! HE AND HIS THEORIES ARE A JOKE TO EVERYONE
PERHAPS BUT HE IS THE ONLY ONE STILL SANE IN THIS CITY OF FOOLS
ENOUGH! IF THIS CITY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR DESERT!
LATER THAT NIGHT
WHY HAS CHIMOS ASKED ME TO MEET HIM HERE AT THIS HOUR?
LOOK POLONIUS! THIS OBJECT IS IDENTICAL TO THE ONE I GAVE YOU

THE MAN WHO GAVE ME THESE THINGS CLAIMS THAT THERE ARE MANY MORE, ALL THE WAY IN A PLACE HE KNOWS.
CAN HE LEAD US THERE?
YES, ACCORDING TO HIM. WE HAVE TO CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS AND CROSS INTO THE DESERT
BUT THAT'S A REAL EXPEDITION TO ORGANIZE
UNFORTUNATELY, WE CANNOT COUNT ON THE SUPPORT OF EGYPOS
WELL THEN WHO CAN HELP US? WE NEED HORSES AND GUIDES TO CROSS THE MOUNTAINS WE NEED MONEY!
AFTER ALL AT THIS POINT THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WE CAN TRY
COMMUNE PERHAPS?

THE NEXT DAY
DEAR BOY, LOOK WHO HAS COME TO VISIT HIS EMPEROR
WHAT CAN I DO FOR MY DEARS?
COMMURGE, WE HAVE NEED OF YOUR HELP
MONEY AGAIN I SUPPOSE
YES, BUT YOU WILL NOT REGRET IT
I HOPE NOT!
IT'S FOR ANOTHER OF YOUR LITTLE PROJECTS, ISN'T IT? BUT IN POOR CHIMOS YOU KNOW THAT THEY COME TO NOTHING!
NO MATTER
PAY NO ATTENTION TO ALL OF THIS MY SWEET YOU LOVE YOUR EMPEROR AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS
HERE IS YOUR MONEY! NOW LEAVE!

HA! HA! HA!
I WILL COME TO NOTHING, CHIMOS, I WILL COME TO NOTHING
AFTER A WEEK OF SECRET PREPARATIONS
I WOULD TAKE YEARS AND YEARS TO COUR THE CORRUPTION OF THIS CITY
EZZULIA, I AM LEAVING TOMMORROW MORNING
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT BONPICS IS SUSPICIOUS.
WHAT MAKES YOU UNEASY ?
NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM CARRYING OUT THIS PLAN
I KNOW I KNOW


DAWN
HA!
THERE THEY ARE!
AIN'T THEY ADORABLE. ALL THOSE FRISKY CAVALRYMEN AND THERE'S LITTLE POLONIUS OVER THERE TOO!
HA!
HA! HA!
WHAT A PIG!
DURING THE TIME THAT I SERVED HIM I GOT USED TO HIM
HOW CAN YOU HAVE GOTTEN USED TO THAT? THE WHOLE CITY OF RU IS ROTTEN!
TO BE CONTINUED

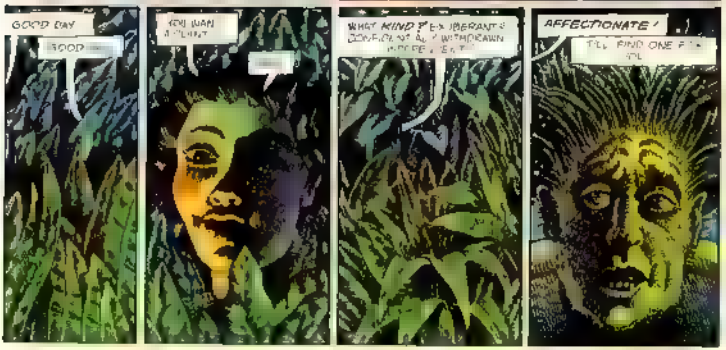
THE GREEN HAND

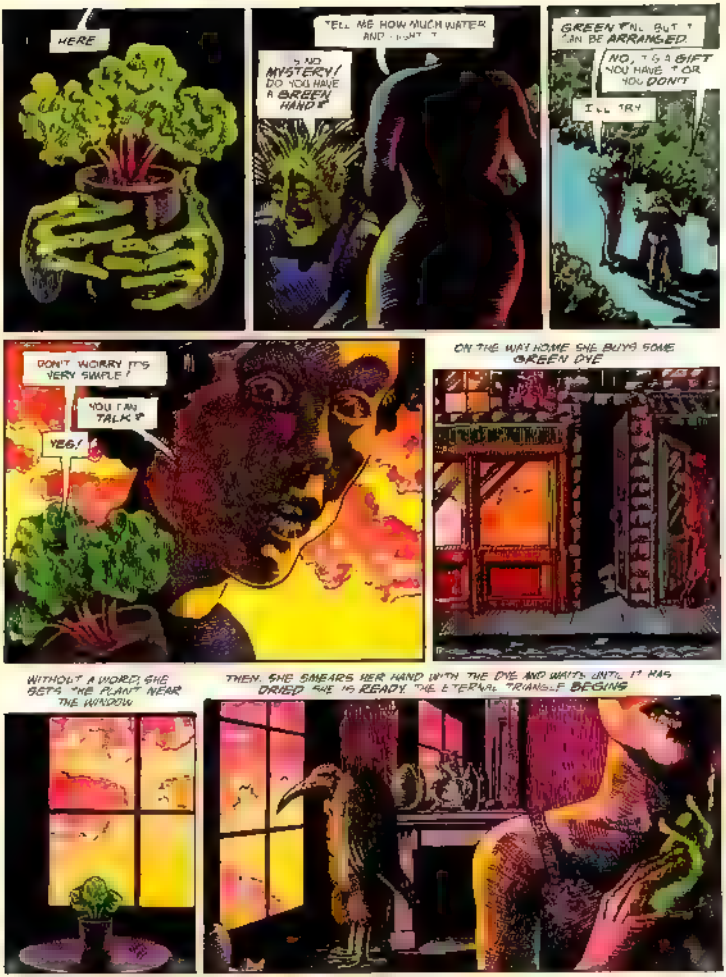
SCRIPT: EMA ART: NICOLE CLAVELOUX

SHE LED A SIMPLE LIFE IN A DUSTY APARTMENT. SHE PASSED AN OCCASION-AL ARM IN WHITE, SOME MEN ALONE, SOMETIMES DOWN THE HALL.

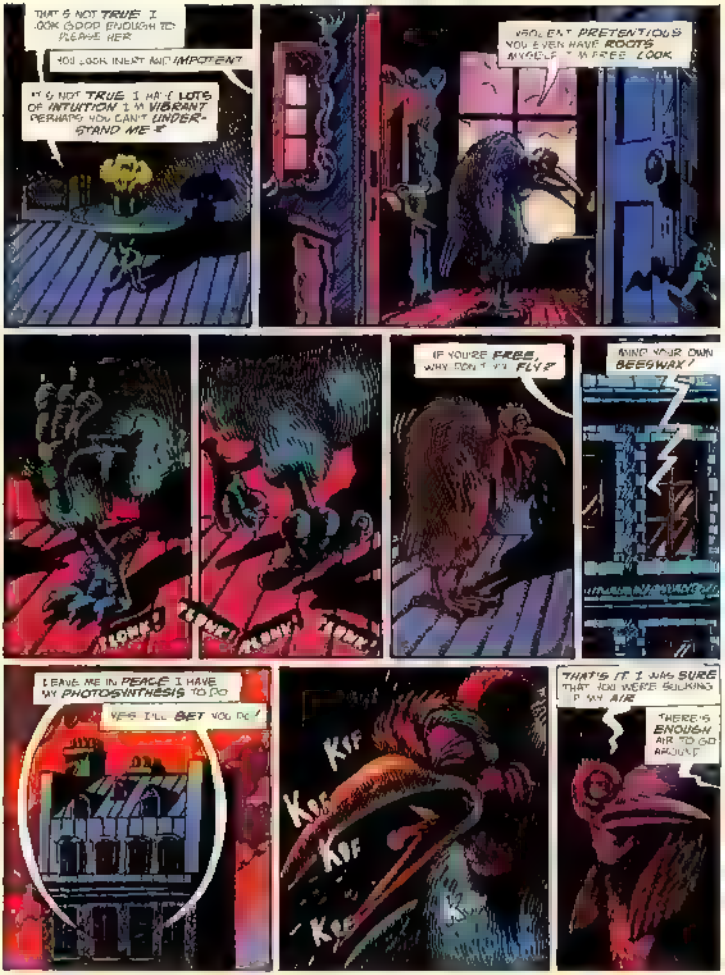
A WARD VED THERE TOO AND SPENT HOURS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, INCREDIBLY BORED.

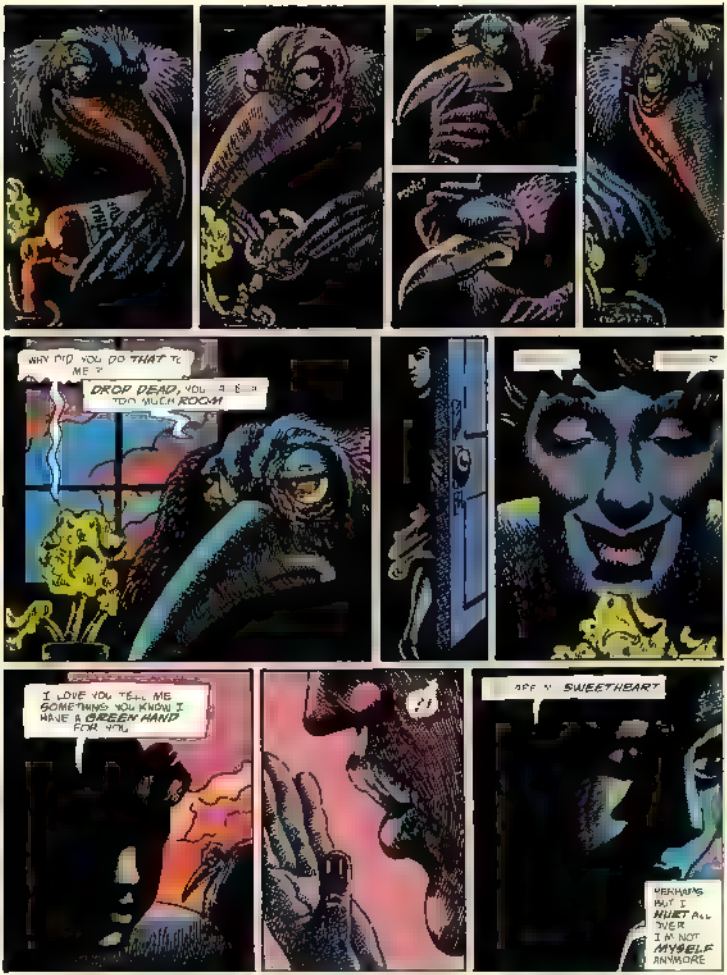
ONE DAY SHE DECIDED TO INTRODUCE A LITTLE VEGETATION INTO HER LIFE TO GIVE IT SOME EXCITEMENT.


GOOD DAY
SOOP
YOU WANT SOMETHING
WHAT KIND OF EX-UBERANT CONFUSION OF COLORS WITHDRAWN IN THREE LEAVES
AFFECTIONATE !
I'LL FIND ONE FOR YOU

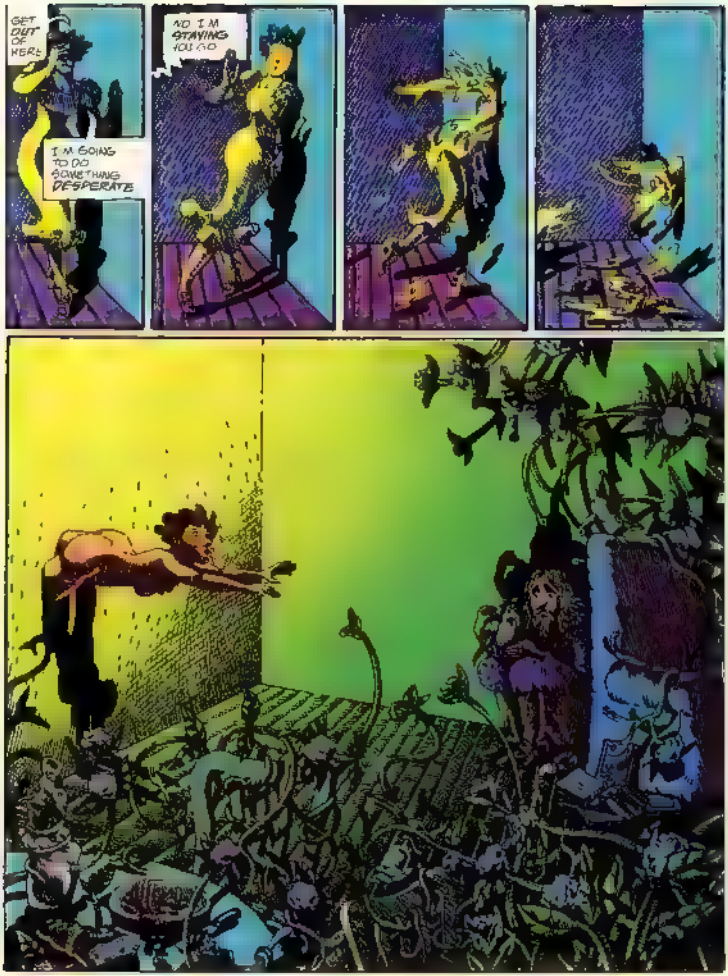

WERE
TELL ME HOW MUCH WATER AND LIGHT
AND MYSTERY! DO YOU HAVE A GREEN HAND?
GREEN ... NIL BUT ... CAN BE ARRANGED.
NO, ... IS A GIFT YOU HAVE ... OR YOU DON'T
I'LL TRY
DON'T WORRY IT'S VERY SIMPLE!
YOU CAN TALK?
YES!
ON THE WAY HOME SHE BUYS SOME GREEN DYE
WITHOUT A WORD, SHE SETS THE PLANT NEAR THE WINDOW
THEN SHE SMEARS HER HAND WITH THE DYE AND WAITS UNTIL IT HAS DRIED. SHE IS READY. THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE BEGINS

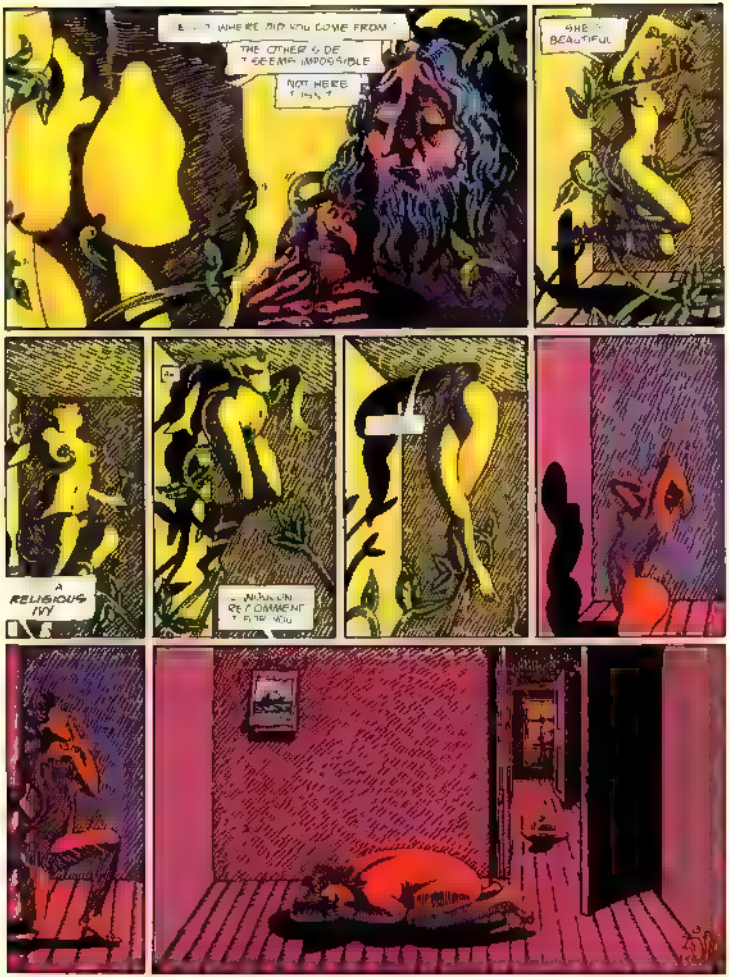
I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU
WHAT ?
I'M TALKING TO IT
TO ME PLANT
YOU'RE DAYDREAMING
NO LOOK AROUND YOU BEHIND YOU
ON THIS GREEN MACHINE
YOU WON'T BE ALONE ANYMORE WHEN I GO TO WORK TALK TO
CERTAINLY NOT WHY SHOULD I
WHY DO YOU HAVE A GREEN HAND ?
TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE PLANT
RIDICULOUS!
SHE LEAVES AS SHE DOES EVERY DAY FOR THE WAY MUSEUM, WHERE SHE IS A GUIDE THE MINUTE THE DOOR IS CLOSED, HE LOOKS AT THE GREEN MACHINE
YOU'RE UGLY
!?


THAT IS NOT TRUE. I LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO PLEASE HER
YOU LOOK INEPT AND IMPOTENT
IT IS NOT TRUE. I HAVE LOTS OF INTUITION. I AM VIBRANT PERHAPS YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND ME.
VAIN, EH? PRETENTIOUS YOU EVEN HAVE ROOTS INSIDE. I'M FREE. LOOK
IF YOU'RE FREE, WHY DON'T YA FLY?
MIND YOUR OWN BEESWAX!
THUNK!
THUNK!
THUNK!
THUNK!
LEAVE ME IN PEACE. I HAVE MY PHOTOSYNTHESIS TO DO
YEAH, I'LL BET YOU DO!
KUF
KUF
KUF
KUF
THAT'S IT. I WAS SURE THAT YOU WERE SUCKING IT IN
AIR
THERE'S ENOUGH AIR TO GO AROUND


WHY DID YOU DO THAT TO ME ?
DROP DEAD, YOU HAD TOO MUCH ROOM
I LOVE YOU TELL ME SOMETHING YOU KNOW I HAVE A GREEN HAND FOR YOU
?!
OFF N SWEETHEART
PERHAPS BUT I MUST ALL OVER I'M NOT MYSELF ANYMORE

YOU DON'T LIKE IT THERE
LEAVE ME I'M IN A STATE OF FIBROUS DEPRESSION
AH
ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER MORNING
OH LOOK! TO AN EMPTY WASTELAND, A REAL DESERT
I DON'T NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT OUT THERE
BUT ARE THESE CIGARETTE ENDS? A FEATHER? YOU DID IT!
NOT WAS, ARE DISEASED, LIKE YOU SAY
NOT LIKE ME, I'M BIG AND STRONG
LIKE A STONE!
SENTIMENTALITY GIVES ME THE CREEPS
I FEEL NOTHING FOR YOU NOW
THAT'S GOOD, ME NEITHER
BIRDS ARE ALL ALIKE
FRIGID BITCH


GET OUT OF HERE
I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING DESPERATE
NO I'M STAYING YOU TOO


THE OTHER SIDE
SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE
NOT HERE
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL
A RELIGIOUS IVY

AGE OF AGES

A GOTHIC SCIENCE-FICTION TRIP TO THE APOCALYPSE

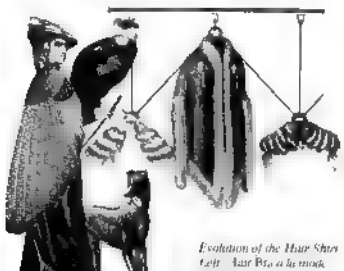
by Akbar Del Piombo

Collages by Norman Rubington

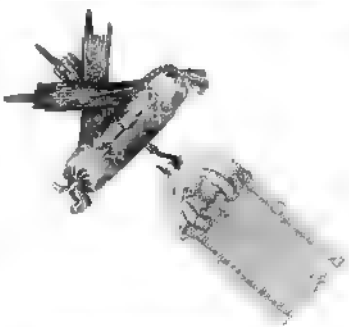
Big Brother is defunct, but the nation continues to believe he still governs them. It is Little Sister who holds the reins of power.

Here we see Melanie Plum, head of the unsexy mind chamber of government, surveying the elegant symbols that replace the ugly billboards of the past. They flash their message on electronic waves, or rough unpolished tortoises, beautified with trumpet-owl murals of pastoral landscapes.

The new secretary of state is the dual personality of dual nationality, Sylvie La Boroche, former sex consultant of the highest rank. Though her the style is olives and the Black Arts are not sables, they are *a la mode*.

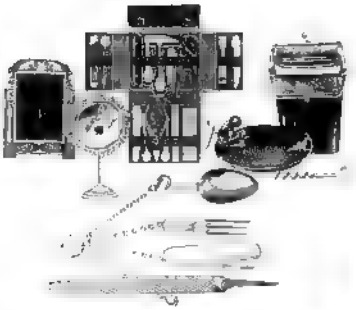


Evolution of the Hair Shirt
Left: Hair Bra *a la mode*.
Right: Hair Pant *a la mode*.
Center: Shirt (male)



Sylvie's exotic Fifth Avenue boutique sets the tone with her eye-catching avian accessories ensemble. The rare hats, eyes and pelt retails at a hefty $5,000. Her hair shirts for penitents lends flair and style to the once painful ritual.

Sylvie's exotica bag with retail accessories includes a spirit-trapper, antidemonic whiskers and a flashy set of "Evil Eye" gloves. A sketchbook supports actual nightgear, also of exotic inspiration.



Sophistication reaches into the darkest corners refining the most diabolical practices as in this chic tropic ensemble of religious hardware – a unique portable Black Mass.

The synthetic Sistine inspiration updates older fashions with a bold blend of nostalgia and technology, taking her cue from the wide angle lens. The public was startled with her presentation of exogenous growths.

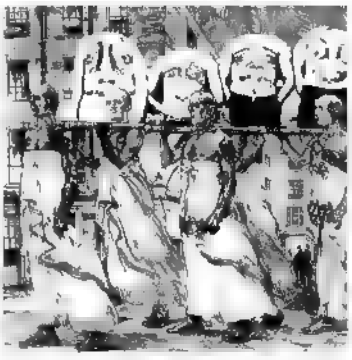
Ah! Mr Virginia – or Mr Gracious – makes interplay obsolete thanks to permanent stimulation.

Regina – Me and Ms Quinn – is a narcissistic masterpiece a sensation with its guaranteed hourly climax.

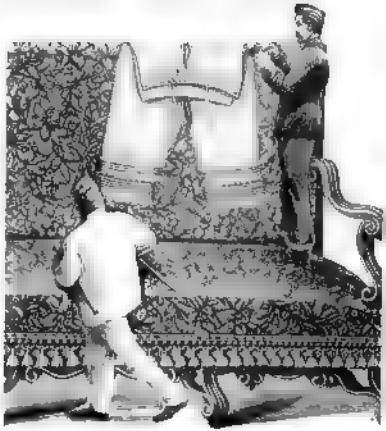
Smooth the Sex Talk arrives on the scene announcing the age of the devices.

The robots of this particular species were soon known as Mr Machine people also called traveling bags or slot machines with the main, human controlled models. Professional hookers were threatened with unemployment.

Sex toys was the watchword: sperm banks to provide for the artificial insemination of the human wives and fuck partners of its sexual pleasure the centuries old domination of the male came to its end. Again, devastating were the crowds in gay processions to celebrate their liberation bearing in triumph the effigies of the vanished species.

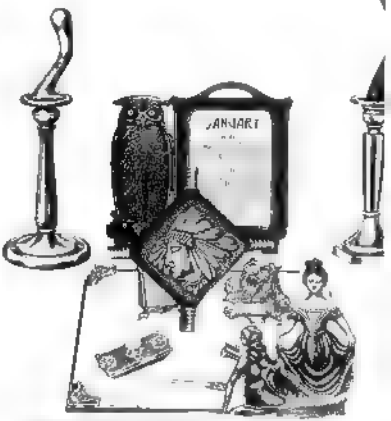


Before startled southwesterly, a bronzen heathen creeps and the unfurnished Wurm is sounded—the Wurm of dubvision is back.

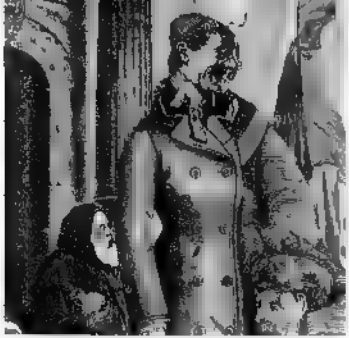


Lair of the Fatal Corpuscle—to be known as the "Heart of the Beast"—Monika of the new order prepares her weapons for an inaugural feast.

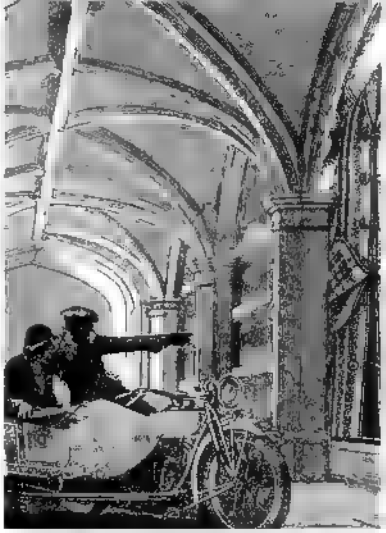
Paganism was nothing new—its stereotypes, but their roots have changed. A young witch struggles to dismember the Golden Calf, deceptively posed as an infant basket case, into a Rock and Roles Concert—or clandestine worship.



Cults Cult—Pagan a satanic—to *Inbox*. Phadic alia, exhibitor by Lord Chariot of Sussex. Contains various tools of the trade, ample quantities and divinatory items, besides effectual candelabra for clandestine worship.



In desperation, the high church struggles against these deviants to get back in fashion – but they are a dying breed.



These new concepts altered every phase of life. As was traditional, the show – in the opening of the A.C. Bond museum – was given a royal send-off as a "patriotic fiesta." School-children recited his famous saying – "by American system of business." Whatever one may like, each and every one of us has a great opportunity if we will observe it with both hands and make the most of it.

Here we see – guided on tour admiring the great man's wardrobe.

Suddenly, the automated soldiers is marked with an eerie mime. Few were willing to believe the startling claim of the tape system – that she had been deflowered by a hyperactive trash can. What had gotten into the self-disposal system remains unexplained.

And now in our hero's Sir Edwin Lutz-Hogthwaite and all these elephants and painstakingly constructing the investigations. Disguised as a visiting clergyman, he utilizes an explosive device that has made contact with another world's magic spirit, crying out warning against the devastating influences teaming the cosmos apart. Only Sir Edwin is well aware, but the mystery is as dense as ever – a hour of what are these forces.

To be continued

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Illustration by George Barr

Our Own Little Mardi Grass

A novella by Richard A. Lupoff

Illustrated by Dan Steffan

Space War Blues is finally going to be published. And as far as author Richard A. Lupoff is concerned, it's about time, dammit. It was over ten years ago, in the early months of 1967, that he first wrote an outline and three chapters for a science fantasy novel based on some ideas he'd been kicking around in his head for a number of years. After peddling the proposal to two publishers without success (they thought his idea hopelessly unmarketable, though terribly fascinating), he showed it to Harlan Ellison, who was in the process of editing his second huge, experimental anthology, Again, Dangerous Visions. Harlan loved the outrageous flavor of the proposal, and asked if Dick could write it in 25,000 words. Lupoff, always an obliging fellow, obliged, and by the time the manuscript was done it had grown to 38,000 words: a long novella, unwieldy but magnificent for Harlan's purposes, but still too short for a novel.

Before A. DV was actually published, Lupoff's agent, Henry Morrison, showed the manuscript to Gail Wendroff, then Dell's editor in charge of science fiction. She loved it, asked Dick to elongate it by 10,000 words, and the world looked bright for what was then titled tentatively The New Alabama Blues. When it came time for A. DV to be published, however, Dell got nervous. With the publication of the novella titled With the Berlin Boomer Boys in Little Old New Alabama, *Dell was afraid of the competition this slightly shorter edition of their novel would make for their own book. The question of timing couldn't be resolved, Lupoff and Dell parted ways.*

After A. DV was published, and Lupoff's novella was nominated for a Nebula Award by the Science Fiction Writers of America, Dell became interested again, and this time actually went to contract in March, 1970. Then Dell cut back its science fiction program, and Lupoff kept working while the book lay fallow at Dell. He wrote three additional short stories, making the original 38,000 words into a robust 64,000-word novel. Two of the three stories have, in their time, been nominated for Nebula Awards or Hugo Awards, the latter conferred by a vote of readers of science fiction. Meanwhile, Dell began publishing its backlog of science fiction inventory. Nobody knew quite how to handle the book. Should it be a collection of related tales? A novel? Something else?

Finally, over ten years after the original conception, and fully four years after contract, having run through three Dell SF editors and having outlasted seven other novels written by Dick Lupoff since he penned the original proposal for what would eventually become Space War Blues, *the novel will be published in January, 1978. Unless the world ends in a bizarre and unlimelike fashion before then, the full masterpiece will be unveiled before a shocked and outraged world.*

They dropped away from Port Lupatovia in the shuttle. Leon clutching the railing around his couch for support, knowing that his face was ash-white and streaked with perspiration, his hands shaking and stomach heaving, the ringing in his ears and pressure of his sinuses overpowering.

It was a pleasure.

It was always a pleasure to get away from deep-space craft. This time, he and his military aide had been hustled through their reception at the orbiting station and loaded directly onto the shuttle craft that was taking them to the surface of the planet. For Pineda, the only pleasure that exceeded the relative solidity of the shuttle craft was the anticipation of setting foot on the planet itself, even though it was going to be New Alabama.

He felt himself gradually relaxing, the knot in his abdomen smoothing itself out, the pressure within his head gradually diminishing, his heaving breaths becoming steadier and more relaxed, a pleasant intake of nourishing air instead of the desperate gasps provoked by his body's irrational response to deep space conditions.

He wiped his brow with a huge pocket kerchief, jammed it away again, and turned to look at his aide. Guardsman Brigadier Foch-Giraud sat on his own couch as if posing for an official portrait, his scarlet tunic gleaming and uncreased, the thread-of-gold *fourragère*, frogging and shoulder boards impeccable, his trousers creased to perfection, and boots shined to an incredible luster.

"You understand the situation below?" Pineda asked Foch-Giraud.

"Mr. Pineda, of course."

"Well, read lightly on this planet. There isn't another black man on the planet. They regard all blacks as brutes and fiends, their automatic enemies. You have to show them otherwise."

"I understand, Mr. Pineda."

Leon granted. Perhaps so, perhaps Foch-Giraud would perform admirably. Still, he wished that he had been consulted both on the basic strategy he was called upon to implement, and on the selection of his military aide. He was far from certain that Foch-Giraud made a good object lesson for N'Awa.

The conversation lapsed — as it usually did with the Brigadier. Foch-Giraud, somehow, seldom seemed to have a great deal to say on any subject. A dialog with him ended quickly to degenerate into labored speech on one side and dull inattention on the other.

It was a relief when the shuttle skidded to rest on a long red-dirt runway at the New Alabama Spaceport Fort Seals Mae, to debark and look around for N'Loory's ambassador to N'Alabama. Leon stood with Foch-Giraud at his side, drinking in the bright morning of Letohatchie township.

The sun of N'Alubama, Alquanne, was a giant disk in the sky, intrinsically cooler and dimmer than N'Loory's or N'Ghana's primaries, it served its sole inhabited planet equally well as a result of N'Alabama's closer orbit. The re-

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suit was a day star that seemed to dominate the sky by its sheer size, but that provided no more overall light or heat than men were accustomed to wherever they chose worlds to populate.

The shuttle was tractored to an unloading ramp and Leon started down the ramp, Foch-Giraud at his elbow and half a stride behind. A small party of greeters stood nearby. One of them, a tall, slim woman of Pineda's age, detached herself and strode to the end of the ramp, clasping Leon's hand as his foot touched N'Alabamian soil.

"Pineda," the woman said, "right on schedule." Her eyes flickered from Leon's face to Foch-Giraud, then back. *Sorry*, she added. "Is the secretary completely outraged? Are you trying to get us all lynched by the damned loonies?"

"Everything for a purpose, Adrienne." Leon replied softly. "Madame Ambassador may I present my military aide, Planetary Guardsman Brigadier Foch-Giraud. Brigadier, our ambassador to New Alabama, Madame Adrienne de Pauger."

They shook hands. Then, with a loaded glance at Leon, the ambassador escorted them the few paces to the greeting party. She introduced Leon and Foch-Giraud to the N'Alabamian foreign secretary and to Milburn Markham, mayor of Letohatchie.

The N'Alabamians exchanged handclasps with Leon, looked at each other in puzzlement, waited while the foreign secretary and Adrienne de Pauger conducted a whispered exchange, and then gingerly shook hands with Foch-Giraud.

They climbed into an oversize groundcar, and the driver sped off down a red dirt road that led from the spaceport and Fort Sea's Mae to the town of Letohatchie itself.

"Ah understan' we pulled you away fum your Mardi Gras celebration," the mayor of the town drawled, leaning half over his seat toward Leon. He pronounced the words *Mardi Gras*.

"More urgent business, Mr. Mayor." Leon replied. "A small enough sacrifice."

"Wal, mebbe your ambassador'll show you around our town some. Miz Adrienne is the belle of the diplomatic corps hereabouts, you know. And we're mighty proud of our town, you know. Why, you might say we've got our own little Mardi Gras right here in Leto every night of the year."

Leon looked at Adrienne de Pauger, then replied to the mayor, "I'm sure that would be most delightful. But perhaps I will be tied up with preparations for the conference. Just an old stick in the embassy, I'm afraid."

"Ah, well. It does start tomorrah. Well, you'll have a good time here, Mr. Pineda. We're mighty proud of our town."

"I'm certain your pride is fully justified."

They rolled past rows of scrub vegetation and flatland trees, the wheels of the car kicking up billowing clouds of red dust from the dirt road. The windows of the car were sealed to keep the grit out, but by the time they reached Letohatchie and the car pulled up at a ramshackle wooden building, Leon felt the perspiration on his brow turn to thin mud with the admixture of red dust. His eyes itched and his clothing was dirty. The others in the car seemed in little better shape except for Foch-Giraud, who climbed out, dusted himself briefly, and seemed to resume the impeccable parade order he had displayed since their first meeting.

"Our embassy, Leon," Adrienne said. "You've never been here before."

Leon shook his head. "I've seen worse, believe it or not."

The greeters made their farewells and the car pulled away, presumably heading back to await another shuttle from Fort Lapatois. As the vehicle moved off, Leon could read Mayor Mitchum's lips as he repeated his phrase about Letohatchie's own little Mardi Gras.

They went inside the building. Foch-Giraud was shown to his quarters, Leon accompanying Adrienne to a small office where they sat down and opened Leon's briefcase to spread working papers over a desk top.

"The conference convenes tomorrow," Adrienne remarked. "Do we need more time to prepare?"

Leon shook his head. "We're set. The President and the secretary have set policy, with which I fully agree. I hauled our military peacock through Accra and showed him to President Mosh'Nzima. We're well established there. Jekki will bowl when we announce our support for Governor Youngerman, our embassy in Accra will have some paint splashed on it, and the N'Ghanaians will issue a frostily proper expression of regret over the incident, coupled with a sizzling condemnation of our tilt."

"But nothing will happen."

Adrienne nodded. "Well, if you have full confidence." She offered Leon a drink, he asked for tea, and Adrienne selected a pod. "Then. How are the things that matter going? How is Sophie? How is D'Arcy?"

Leon brightened and told Adrienne the news. "All unofficial, of course. D'Arcy is keeping her secret."

Adrienne took Leon's hands in hers and squeezed them.

There was a pounding on the door. Adrienne opened it and Brigadier Foch-Giraud entered the room. "Don't wish to interrupt you, he said, "but have we plans for the evening? I really would like to see Letohatchie and the perpetual Mardi Gras," he mayor spoke of."

Adrienne de Pauger sighed and said, "I'll arrange an escort for you. Brigadier. N'Alabama's most famous exotic dancer is performing in Letohatchie currently. You may enjoy her act."

Spangspot shot emcee disappears room is all dark a moment sound of rustling here in there surprising shrill giggle from one nearby table rustle too from center floor (emcee departing?) sudden drumroll from blackskin set (rhythman must really love his work *pang* and a *whang* a fanfare on hecuban headbone horn and maracas rattle new spangspot *pows* on and somebody's ant.

Miss Merriass Markham a zoftie, miss must be pure N'Ala blood but spangspot color is ? bluegreen grue bicen g yes her skin sheen (all gh-teed) unnatura color ation, bad taste that) standing at attention quivering sa ure.

What she wear? Tight brazeer on big big bosom, too tight, flesh welts above and below, must be shall we say, ah, uncomfortable for the poor teddy. Miss Merriass Markham cinched in back, bright bruegleen brazeer looks like rubber (?) two highly attractive cutouts large pink (?) aureoles (how'enva, *tell* in this light?) protruberen, nips pazowie (has must tingle it's too tite see the red (this lite?) line below nothing on her belly but a wee bit would you say protruberent (pregnant?) actually kind of voluptuous (think or that belly-belly-to-belly with your belly — a navel orgasm?) and tights: shorts that is, same blue squeezing gluebreen rubberlooking ob' holden that round bottom. Miss Merriass run your mind past that behind my! what a loich of crotch mmmm! *he* liked that thought *whoeeeee!* Miss Markham

he gave Gordon Lester Wallace III & Freddie a hand-squeeze apeez watching Miss Merrass Markham stand a-a-tremble with patriotic fervor as the three-man band struck up by damn, suh! *Dixie* and on a couple beats Miss Markham *began:*

quivering for *real* in time to that glorious tune her proud patriotic ass slamming slideways in tune to bump-bump-bump-bubu-bump-bump-bumbump feet planted proudly on that fine N'Alabamian wooden floor knees apart in beat her arms extended forward toward the audience and quivering quivering in time to the stirring strains of that glorious old tune soon she began to work her hips her ha r (glorious golden waves sweeping over softwh te shoulders the kind of tyke a soul has to like her daddy must be proud to grab a handful of *that* stuff) swaying too-n time and rock that pelvis hey (are we sufficiently discreet do you think?) all day

He took n drink of golden smooth Jack Daniels sipping whiskey bless the old land N'Alabama's soul must be in there somewhere the patriotic air slammed to a close with Miss Merriass Markham slamming a backbend (she was lithe) hands on floor behind her feet hol n the spangspot allover wet salty sweat the audience cheering to a man (no ladies *visible* in the audience but do you ever really *know*?) venting pure patriotic fervor n appreciation of artistry Mmm"

He took a Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie shoulder in each hand shook companionship. Here – he said to GeWIII&F – want know where I take you? Here for a last nigh, in Leto

Gurdon Lester Wallace III and Freddie expressed appropriate impressedness Now wouldn't you?

Emcee was back on the floor now waving arms up and down fingers splayed his warsurp grays (plain buttons of course, and definitely no bentfin boomer) looking dark-wetter where they'd looked darkwet before the spangspot had changed back no m ore bleegreen yellow brown now on him (went nicely with his plastered blond hair one might suggest) grinning broadly his fat face but keeping his teeth clenched and mak ng little folding-unfolding motions at the waist and neck (bowing? nodding?) Thank you thank you ladies and gentlemen he said (no ladies visible in audience but did you *know*?) Miss Merrass Markham will be back momentarily I'm sure you want to see more of her much much more (snicker) and I'm sure she wants you to see more of her so in just one moment after everyone has had a chance to refresh himself for a moment he stopped lights came back on in the room the emcee disappeared but

he remained at fakewood table with Jack Daniels reserve quality) and companionship. That all? asked Gordon Lester Wa nace III and Freddie. – That all? Thought she was stripper. This our last night, maybe. n N'Ala, thought we'd get some satin damn faction not a tease

Whit he said. Looko there – pointing, able across floor had five men, three sitting, two standing, standing two looked alike, short, fatties, blond hair plastered over each *left* eye two more *sitting* at table one tall, palepalepale femininshly looking, agitatedly moving jiggling up and down in fakewood seat clutching at arm of companion *who*

he looked again, double-daking not for faking, coulda swore bah gone mushy h n weirdo sights in here cor thato calm n e fancy wha k nd of luna damn tickie uni damn farm coulda sworeez black, black, jussa bigra nigra as in Miss Merriass Markham zupposie havenerack but

the third bird haveya heard medium size chubby man gray hair zig across table arms on table wearing non-descript business (looked like) suit not moving drink spilled across table washing face in booze to dream, dream, to bathe in 4D Sippin Grades from nondescript medium sized chubby jacket basket covered nondescript nocolor business suit (looked) protruded what appeared loobie dagger handle he was (to coin a phrase) turned off

Two fat shorties (short fatties) lifted nondescript medium sizer carted him from table disappeared into unknown preserves trailed by tall skinny ladylooka fema & splendo-uniformed can you, can you possibly, can you possibly *believe* a nigra both um bobbing agitatedly

So? G etic said

Tomorrow – he replied. Leebee gone orders for wanta guess, Gordon and so on? Try? Where? More training work? Not likely Offplanet, hey, by by N'Bama hey Where do you think?

Deepspace? Vacbatile papadoes ready to board? Kill amigra once a day gyrene hasta earn his pay. Ready to invade N'Hait ?

Mmm.

Think the warle spread? N'Anguilla? N'Azteca? N'Tonga'

N'Ha a probably. Deepspace on a hoiser don't think cargo"

Mmm. Drink y'booze. He gestured again. The empty table where the wo men had sat and two stood was empty not now

Banuback *hrrrm, t chhhk* sound of chocolan headbone horn, lights down spangspot on emcee again waving arms as ever moving mouth Thank you ladies (do you *know*?), gentlemen Miss Merriass Markham and assistant will now present a patriotic pageant in honor of N'Alabama her glorsy spacerines sound of applause in room audible through thick smoke also sound in one corner no no yes oh – (do you know for *sure*?) spangspot off emcee rustle movemen, in dark and a *pow*

ligh, back on babypinkspot playing on golden curls Miss Merriass Markham strolling in center lowcut lowcut frilly gown tightfitting cloth begins just above nipple showing pink circle protrubserence through cloth every *pore* by bang light waist and flaring skirt hooped out and ribbons *frills to* furgem *floor* Sheet' loud voice from dark room shuff mumbles Miss Merriass Markham only smiles in circle as

second spotlight, pangs on edge of floor shows a nigra brute Gordon Lester Wallace and reddie and even he do double take Ha" but no look he's white only daubed, daubed, could they pay me to trick out as a coon buck? *You*? How much?

Sheeh, one never knows, does he?

Fake coon in a red red spotligh, Miss Merriass Markham prances to and fro looking ever whichaway but not at him he inches up on her audience tense and wiley inch there's some quiet tense music how can the headbone horner concentrate inch up on that symbol of pure sum lily lady parasol over shoulder gloves over elbows and the nigra

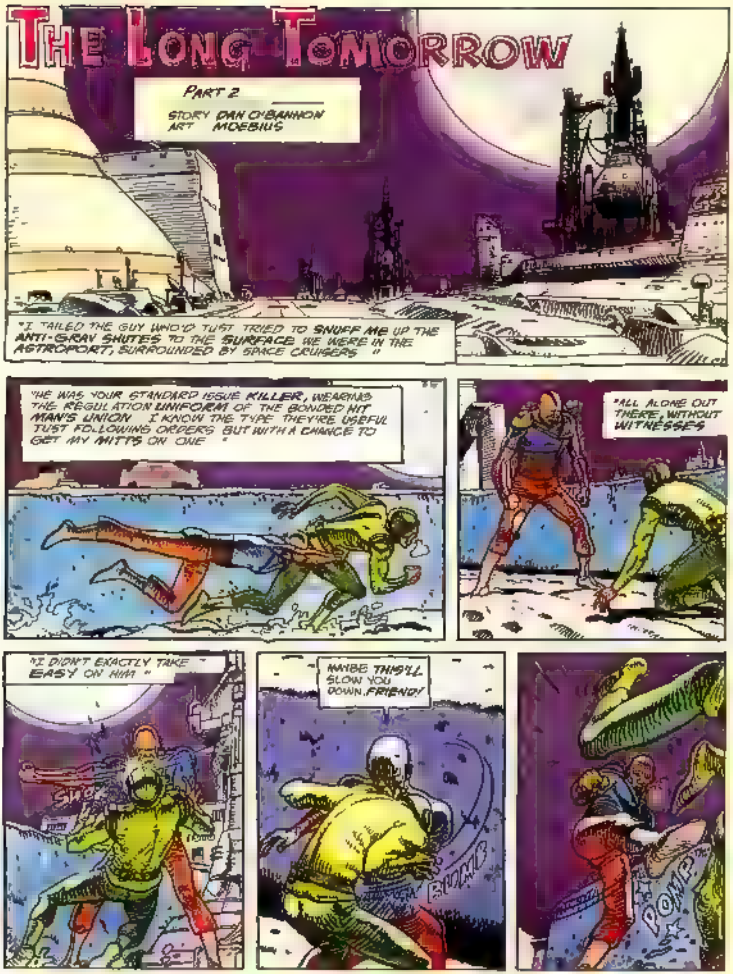
pounces from behind drags Miss Merriass Markham to him black black dirty she screams he bats parasol clatters

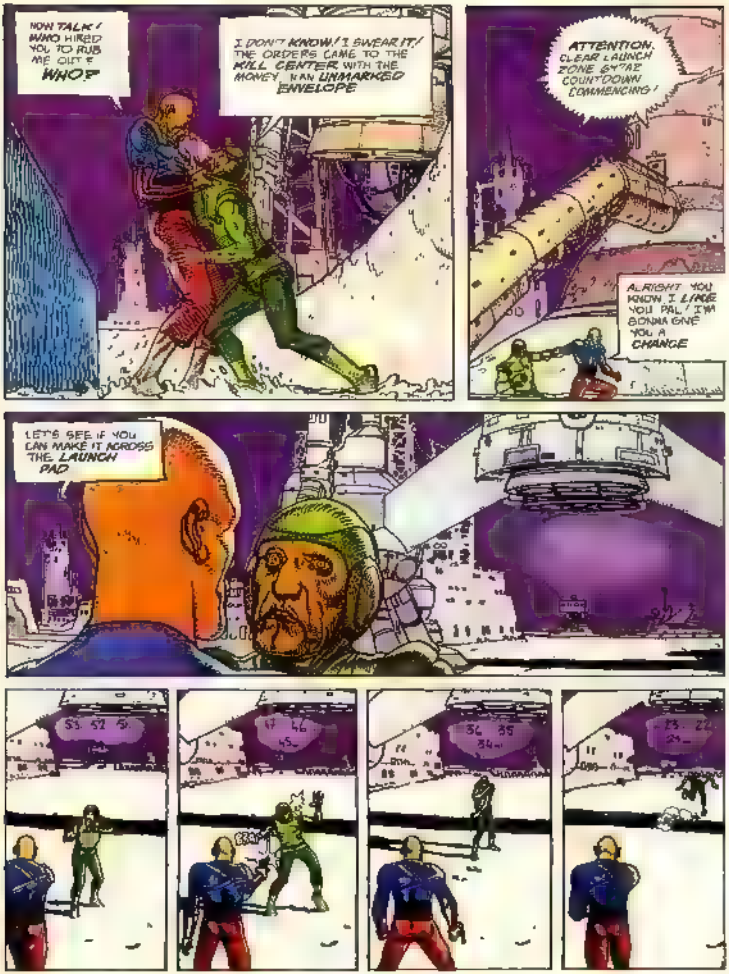
continued on page 56

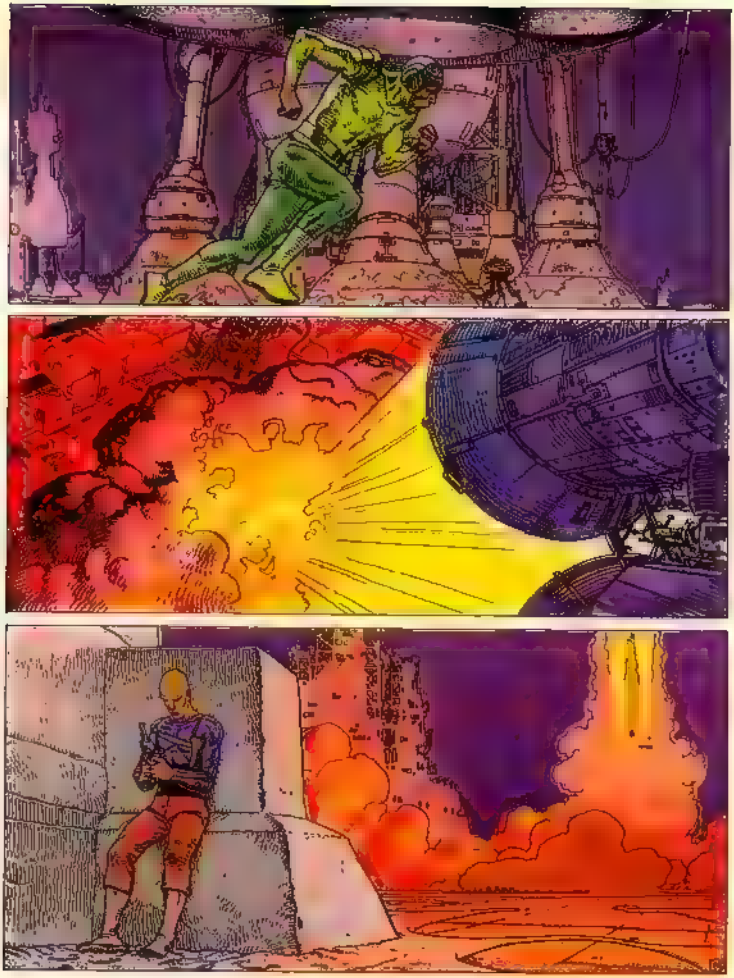
THE COINCIDENCE
DON'T TOUGH LUCK MAN
EQUAL RIGHTS,
NOTCHED
TODAY'S HARD, MASCULINE!
PROFESSOR ZWEYHOUND BOBBY COME ON UP!
TIME MACHINE
EASY
READY!
TO THE GREATER GLORY OF SCIENCE!
CLANK
STILL
NO ASSURANCE
THAT
DOGGIE!
I'LL PLACE
WORTH

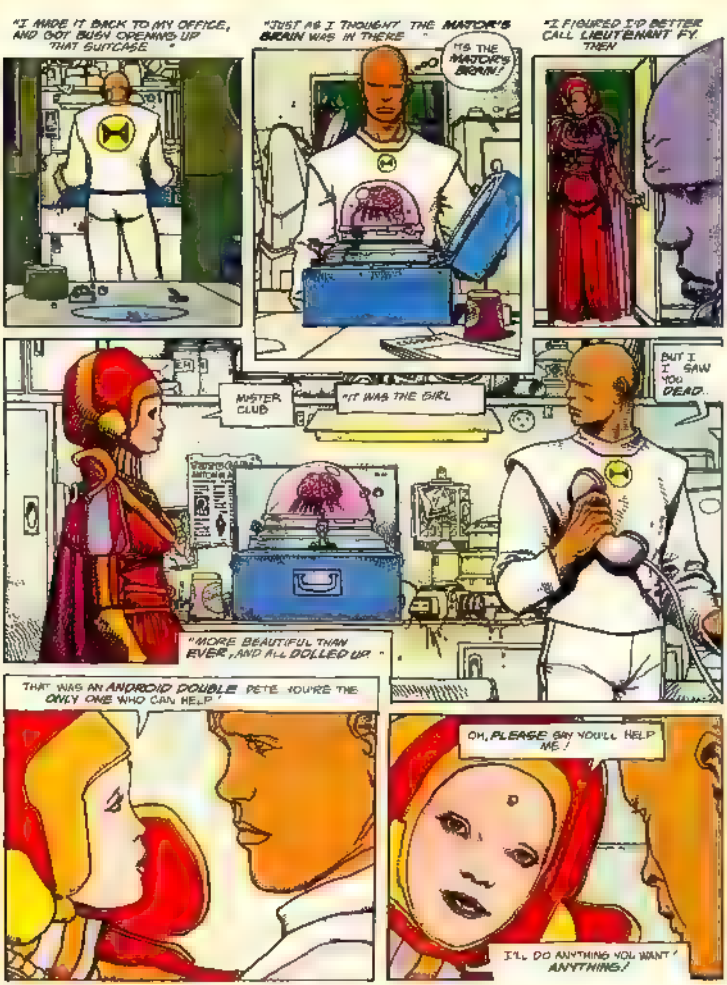
OOOOPS!
WHEW!
MARIANNE
MARIANNE
WHAT ARE YOU THINKIN'
NOTHIN' AT ALL
HA! HA! HA!
150 YEARS OF ROCK N ROLL
HOSPITAL IN A HURRY!
OH! IT'S HIS KICK!

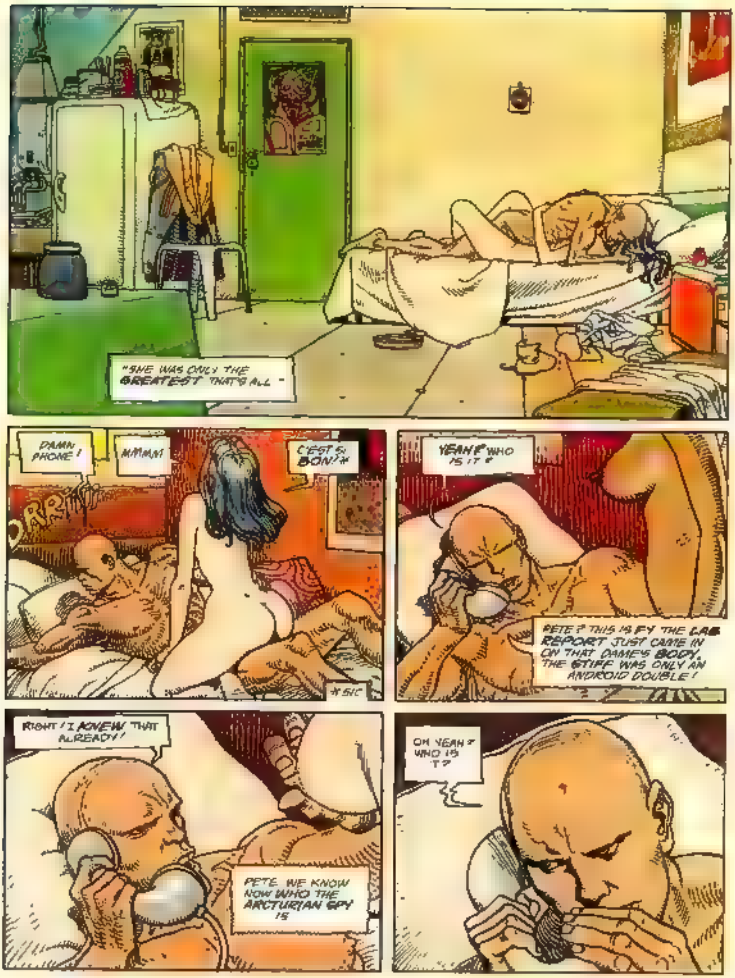
HE HAD BEEN STRAIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE AT MY BIRTH MY MOTHER HAD DIED. THAT WAS ALL I HAD EVER KNOWN OF HER
IN THE WAITING ROOM I HAPPENED TO GLANCE AT THE CALENDAR. IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY!!
MISTER ZWEIHOUND!
SUDDENLY I EXPERIENCED AN EXTRAORDINARY SENSATION, THE FEELING THAT ALL OF THIS WAS FAMILIAR HAPPENING AGAIN
THERE!
MISTER ZWEIHOUND?
AM I?
WELL NOW YOU'RE BORN!
A BOY!
YES! FOLLOW ME SEE FOR YOURSELF
AS I APPROACHED THE CHILD, I COULD FEEL THE PROCESS OF DISINTEGRATION BEGIN
THE CHILD! MY SON!
THAT'S ME! ME! MYSELF!!
DOCTOR! THE MOTHER SHE'S DEAD! HER LAST WISH WAS THAT THE BABY BE NAMED TOM ZWEIHOUND!
MISTER ZWEIHOUND!
DOCTOR
HE JUST DISAPPEARED
WAAA!
poof!
NO! IMPOSSIBLE I DIDN'T SEE I DIDN'T!!
AN INSTANT GONE FROM THE PAST, WHERE IT WAS NINE MONTHS BACK IN THE PRESENT AND FUTURE
SECONDS
FIN!

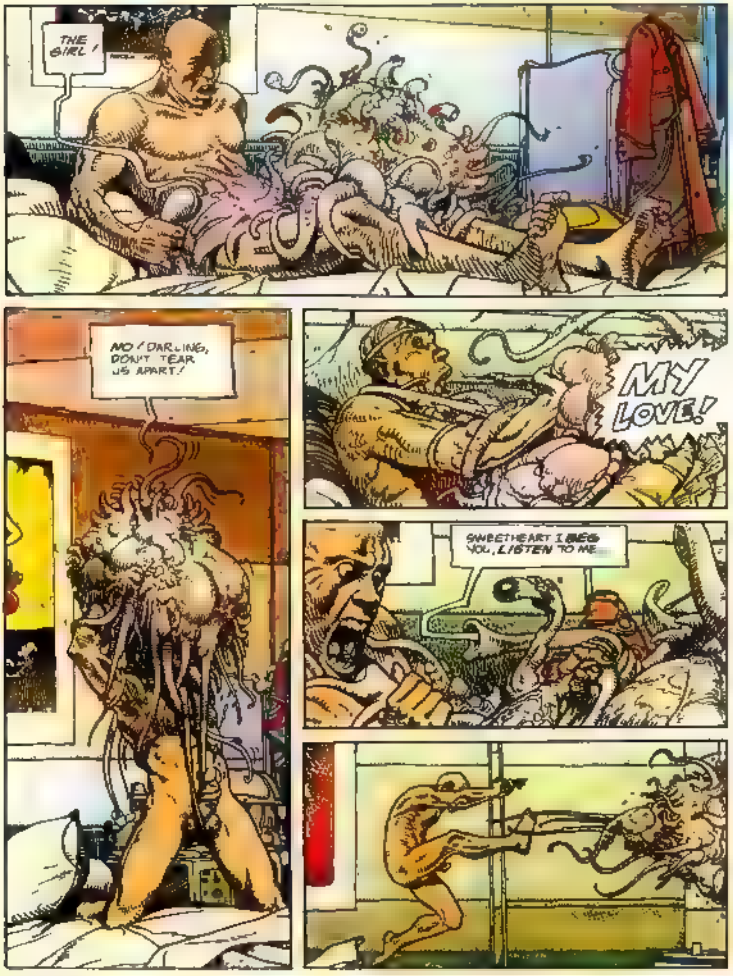

THE LONG TOMORROW
PART 2
STORY DAN O'BANNON
ART MOEBIUS
"I TAILED THE GUY WHO'D JUST TRIED TO SNUFF ME UP THE ANTI-GRAV SHUTES TO THE SURFACE. WE WERE IN THE ASTROPORT, SURROUNDED BY SPACE CRUISERS. "
"HE WAS YOUR STANDARD ISSUE KILLER, WEARING THE REGULATION UNIFORM OF THE BONDED HIT MAN'S UNION. I KNOW THE TYPE. THEY'RE USEFUL JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS, BUT WITH A CHANCE TO GET MY MITTS ON ONE. "
"ALL ALONE OUT THERE, WITHOUT WITNESSES
"IT DIDN'T EXACTLY TAKE EASY ON HIM. "
MAYBE THIS'LL SLOW YOU DOWN, FRIEND!
SHE
BONK
POW

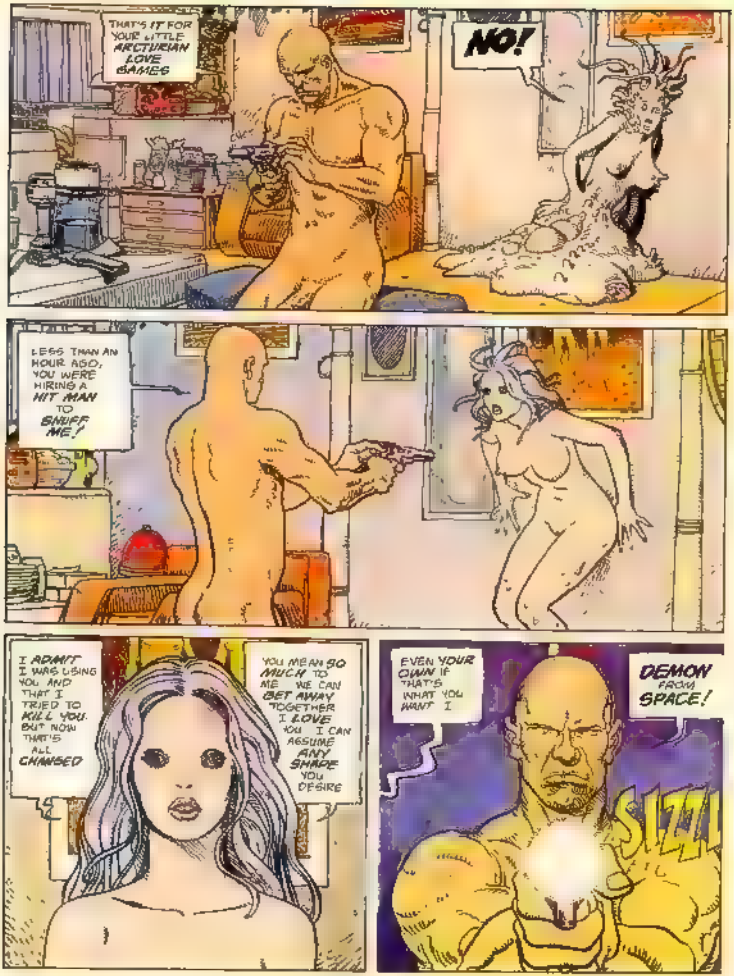

NOW TALK! WHO HIRED YOU TO RUB ME OUT? WHO?
I DON'T KNOW! I SWEAR IT! THE ORDERS CAME TO THE KILL CENTER WITH THE MONEY, IN AN UNMARKED ENVELOPE
ATTENTION. CLEAR LAUNCH ZONE 6/7/8. COUNTDOWN COMMENCING!
ALRIGHT YOU KNOW I LIKE YOU PAL, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A CHANCE
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT ACROSS THE LAUNCH PAD
BRAK!

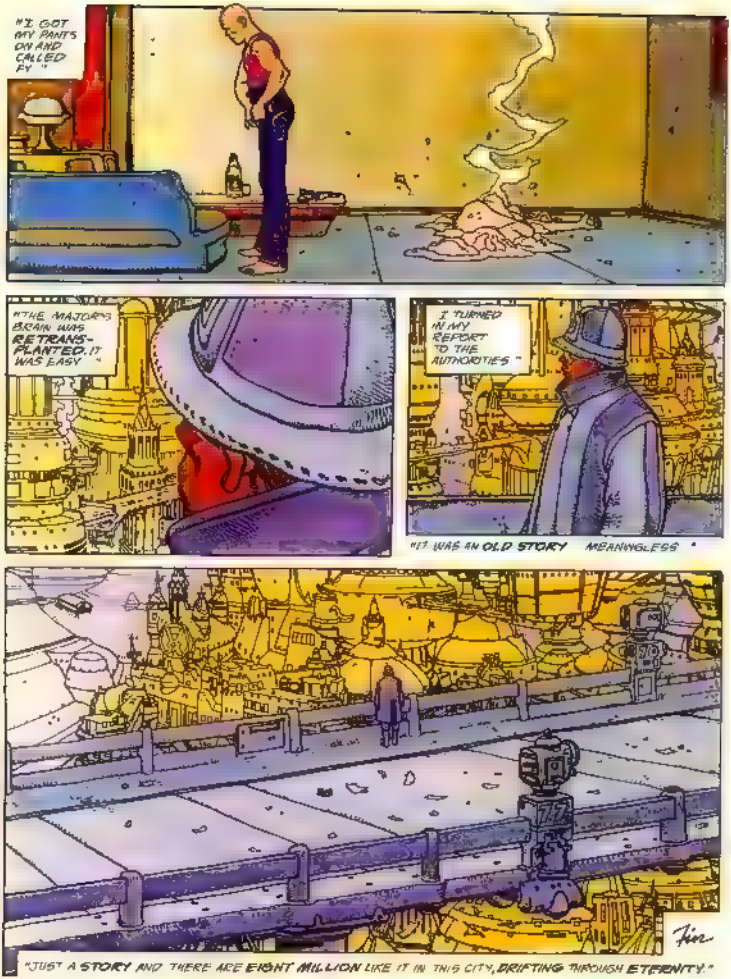



"I MADE IT BACK TO MY OFFICE, AND GOT BUSH OPENING UP THAT SUITCASE."
"JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE MAJOR'S BRAIN WAS IN THERE."
"IT'S THE MAJOR'S BRAIN!"
"I FIGURED I'D BETTER CALL LIEUTENANT FY. THEN"
MASTER CLUB
"IT WAS THE GIRL"
BUT I SAW YOU DEAD.
"MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER, AND ALL DOLLED UP."
THAT WAS AN ANDROID DOUBLE PETE. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP!
OH, PLEASE SAY YOU'LL HELP ME!
I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT! ANYTHING!

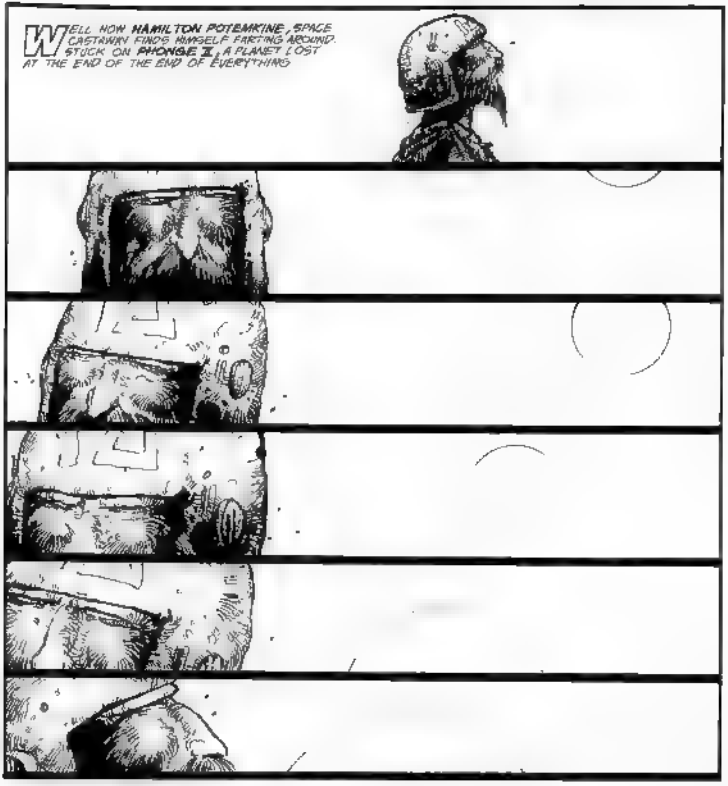

"SHE WAS ONLY THE GREATEST THAT'S ALL -"
DAMN PHONE!
MMMM
C'EST G. BON!*
*SIC
YEAH? WHO IS IT?
PETE? THIS IS FY THE LAB REPORT JUST CAME IN ON THAT DAME'S BODY. THE STIFF WAS ONLY AN ANDROID DOUBLE!
RIGHT! I KNEW THAT ALREADY!
PETE. WE KNOW NOW WHO THE ARCTURIAN SPY IS
OH YEAH? WHO IS IT?

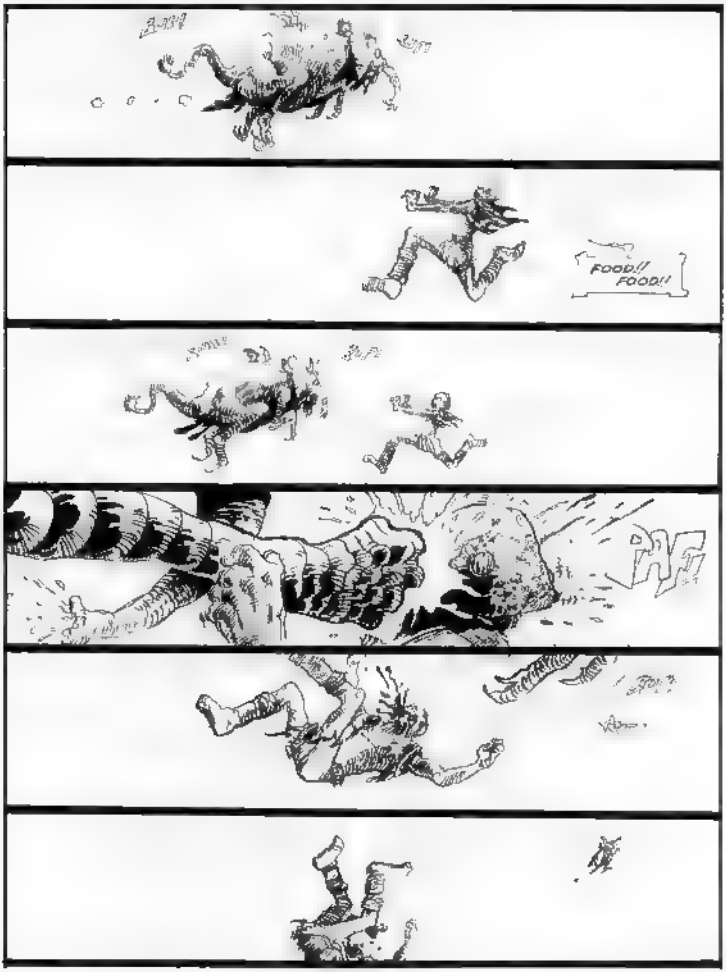

THE GIRL!
NO! DARLING, DON'T TEAR US APART!
MY LOVE!
SWEETHEART I BEG YOU, LISTEN TO ME

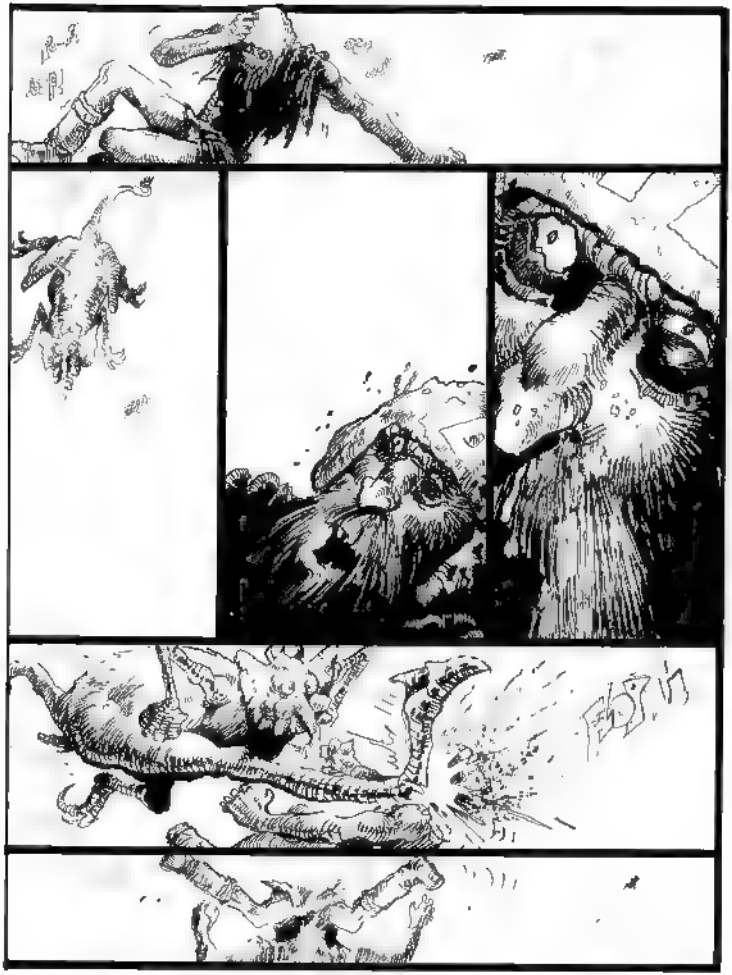

THAT'S IT FOR YOUR LITTLE ARCTURIAN LOVE GAMES
NO!
LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO, YOU WERE HIRING A HIT MAN TO SNUFF ME!
I ADMIT I WAS USING YOU AND THAT I TRIED TO KILL YOU. BUT NOW THAT'S ALL CHANGED
YOU MEAN SO MUCH TO ME WE CAN GET AWAY TOGETHER I LOVE YOU I CAN ASSUME ANY SHAPE YOU DESIRE
EVEN YOUR OWN IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT I
DEMON FROM SPACE!

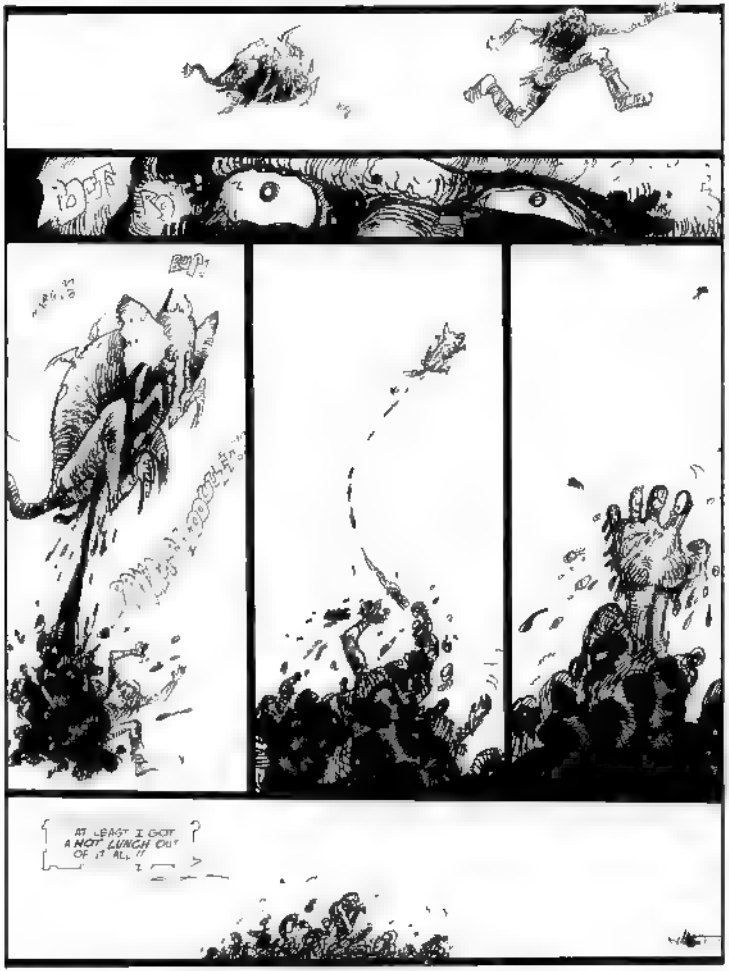

"I GOT MY PANTS ON AND CALLED FY."
"THE MAJOR'S BRAIN WAS RETRANS-PLANTED. IT WAS EASY."
"I TURNED IN MY REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES."
"IT WAS AN OLD STORY MEANINGLESS"
"JUST A STORY AND THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION LIKE IT IN THIS CITY, DRIFTING THROUGH ETERNITY."
Tim

Hamilton Potemkine


WELL, NOW HAMILTON POTEMKINE, SPACE CASTAWAY FINDS HIMSELF FRETTING AROUND STUCK ON PHONSE II, A PLANET LOST AT THE END OF THE END OF EVERYTHING


FOOD!!
FOOD!!




AT LEAST I GOT A HOT LUNCH OUT OF IT ALL !!

1996

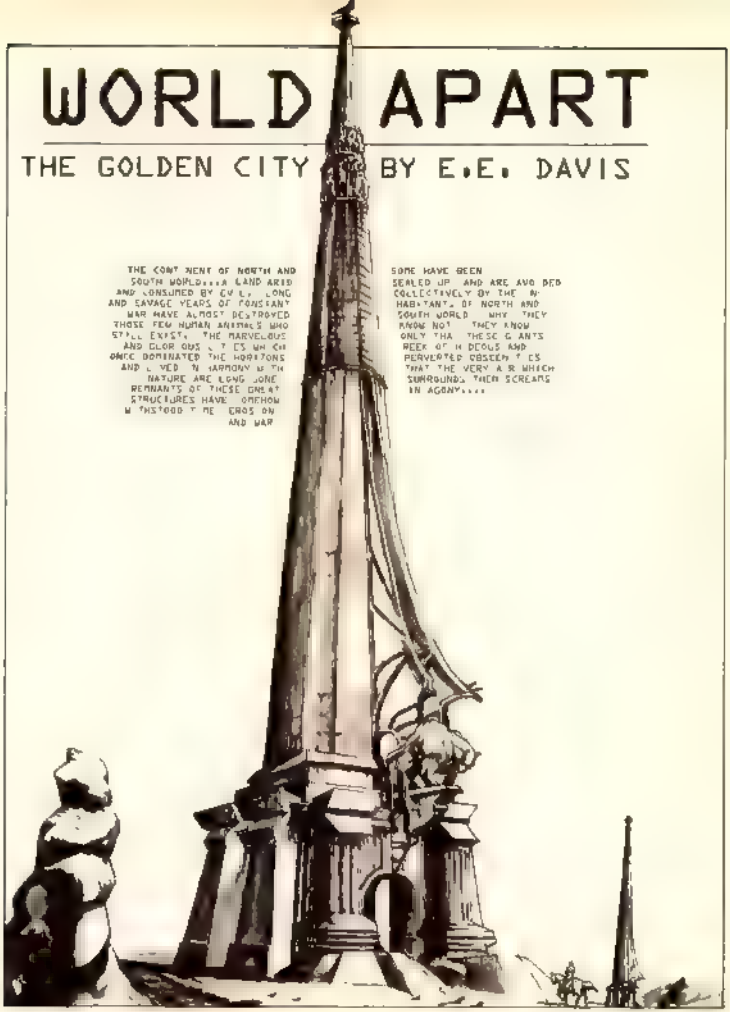
MMM THIS STILE THINGZ ME ONDUYU!
O RLLY? YU GOIN?
YAH, IMON MUHARV
DUN BE TOO LATE IM KINDA NERVUS
AN TAYG KARE!
COARSE. SEE YU OUNI E
WARE TO?
THE LASE?
O.K.! LUIZ LIKE CUDDE LOTSEM THERE NOW!
O.K. LEZ GO!
HEY! IDZA FEMALE!
I'm free to choose who I sea any old time I'm
free
NIZE SHOT AYE
NOOBAD NOOBAD
TEEZ A DUBLE MEEN-IN'!
A BID SKINNY FOR MY TAZD, THAT BIRD! HA HA HA

WORLD APART

THE GOLDEN CITY BY E.E. DAVIS

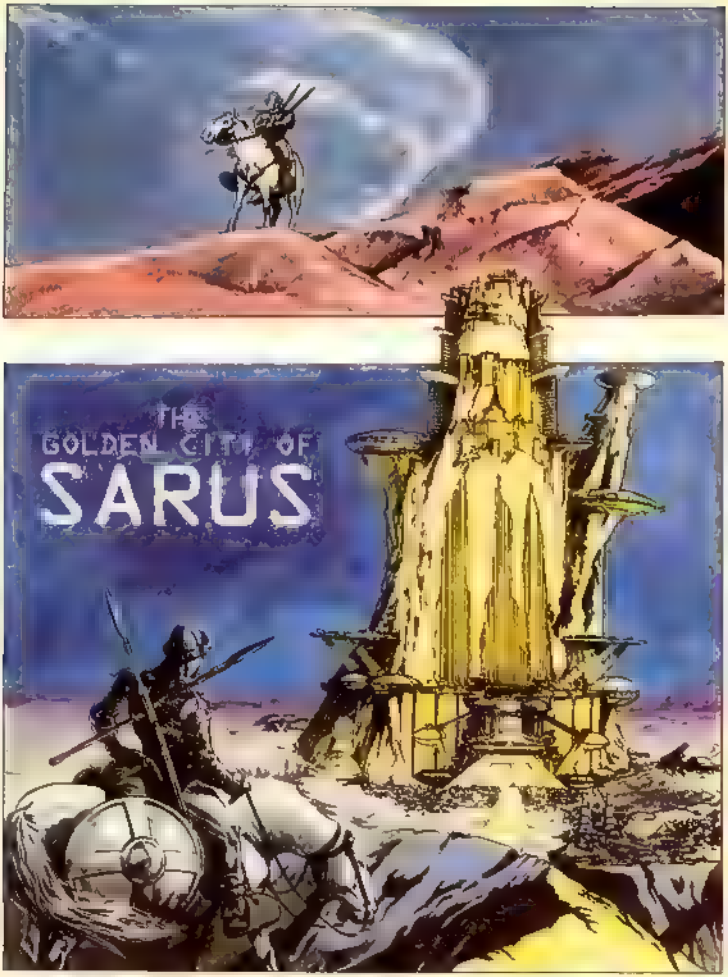
THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD...A LAND ARID AND CONSUMED BY EVIL. LONG AND SAVAGE YEARS OF CONSTANT WAR HAVE ALMOST DESTROYED THOSE FEW HUMAN ANIMALS WHO STILL EXIST. THE MARVELOUS AND GLORIOUS CITIES WHICH ONCE DOMINATED THE HORIZONS AND LIVED IN HARMONY WITH NATURE ARE LONG GONE. REMNANTS OF THESE GREAT STRUCTURES HAVE SOMEHOW WITHSTOOD TIME, EROSION AND WAR.

SOME HAVE BEEN SEALED UP AND ARE AVOIDED COLLECTIVELY BY THE INHABITANTS OF NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD. WHY THEY AVOID NOT THEY KNOW ONLY THAT THESE GIANTS REEK OF INDEDUS AND PERVERTED OBSCENITIES THAT THE VERY AIR WHICH SURROUNDS THEM SCREAMS IN AGONY.....



Bloody nuisance, that burned your rotten tail, didn't I?
Goddammit

Godddamnit!
AFTER ALL THEY'VE MISSED MOUNTING THE NAMELESS ALIEN ON THE FRONT OF NORM'S LAW AND THE OFFICE LATER, HE ENTERS HIS OLDER RECORDS OF SARUS . . .
SARUS THE GOLDEN IS NAMED AFTER SARUT ARGON, NOW ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING POPULATION CENTERS IN THE NORTH WORLD.

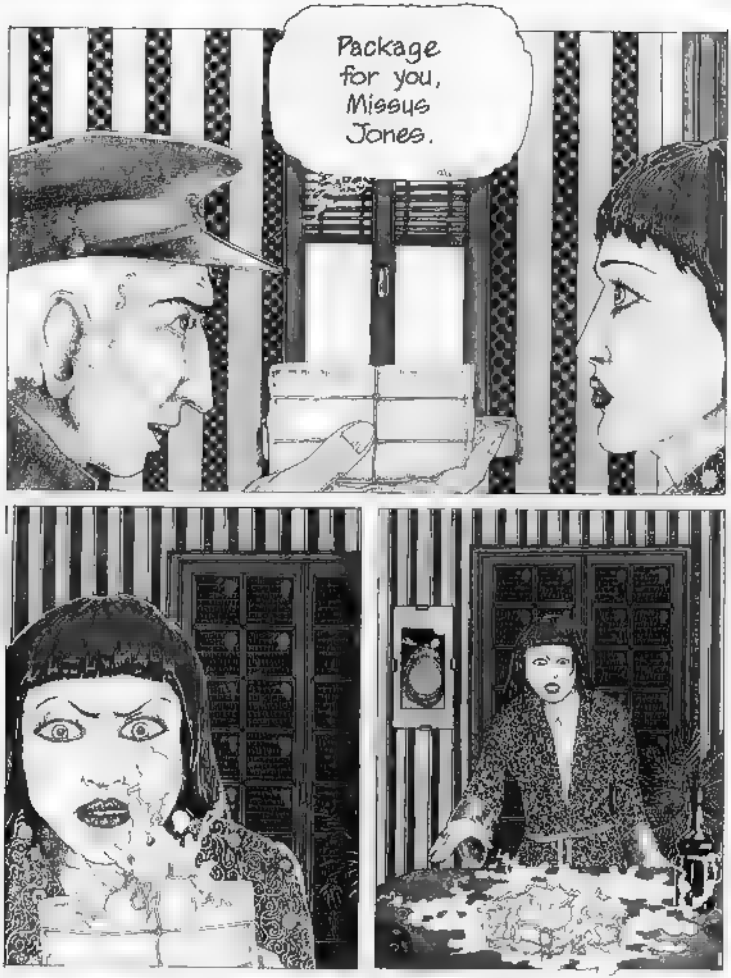

THE
GOLDEN CITY OF
SARUS

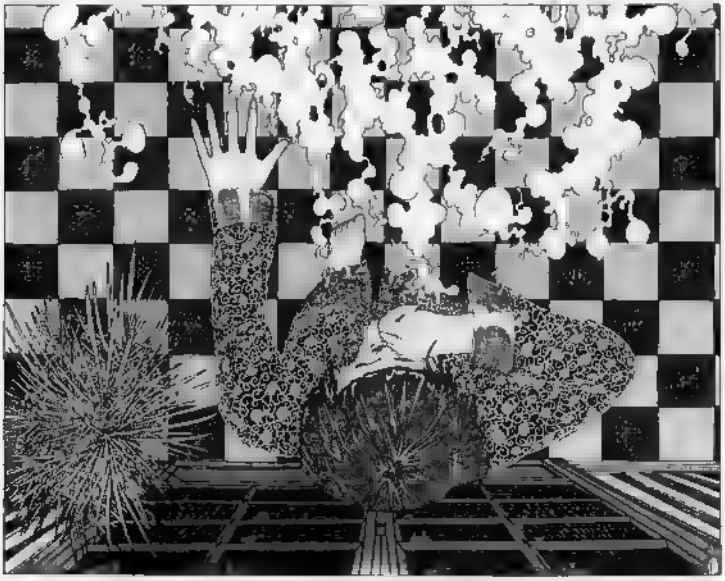
SARUS NO LONGER SHINES AS BRIGHTLY AS T D D. THE GREAT ROAD S POCKED AND SCARRED BEYOND REPA R. ST NKING MOUNDS SURROUND SARUS ON EVERY S DE MUTED SOUNDS CAN BE HEARD IN THE ST LL A RA ON CH HANGS HEAVY W TH DECAY THE HUMAN AN MALS WITH W ARE DY NG.

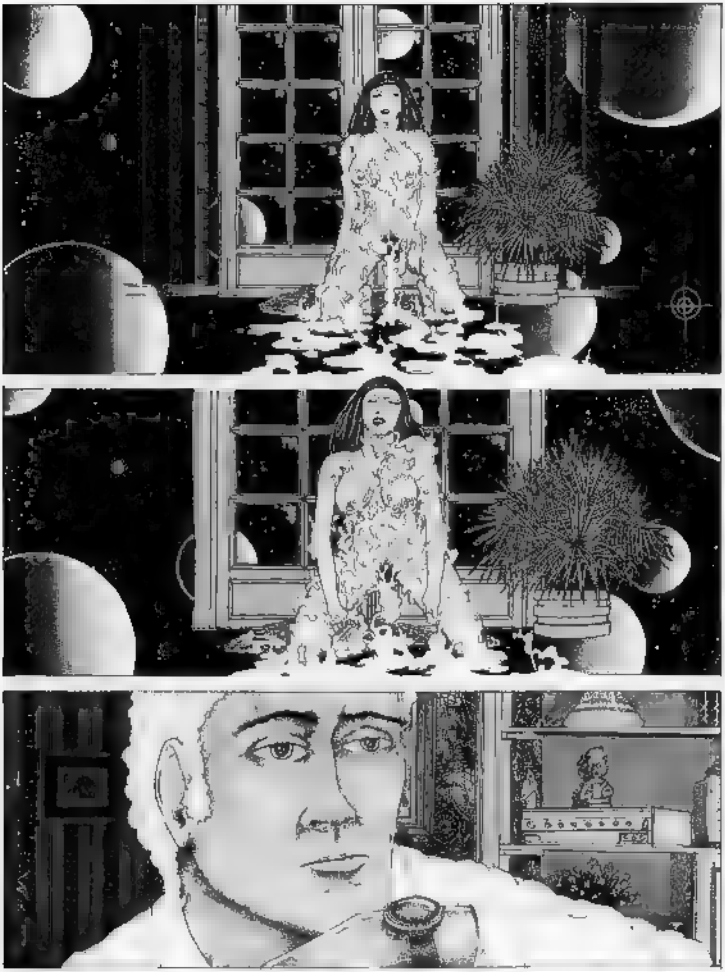
Aye!
This'un s made an 'elluva mistake Ain't e Ai?
Why for would 'e come 'ere do y' think? Could it be 'e's one o them Messiahs? Come t rescue us?
Nah 'e ain t no Messiah' You know Messiahs don t get their beasts et They come floatin in on the air, they do
Would you be so kind as to follow me?
Nuts
!!

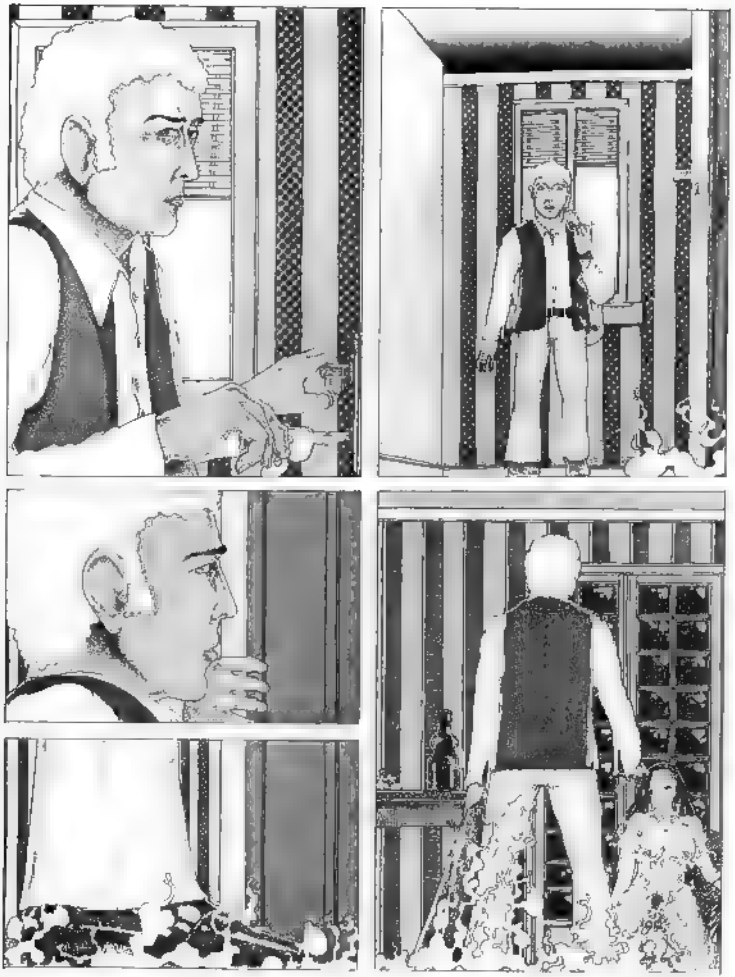
EVERYWHERE HE LOOKS, THE ALB HO SEES DEATH.
HE CAN SEE THAT THIS ONCE GLOR OUS C TY
HAS BECOME A M DEOUS PRISON.
What sha I we do with it sire? Burn it cut it up for so e to he people as male meat pie or stuff it for our museum?
Ah ah I think ah I th nk it s very ugly Kill it!
From one rotten ni ghtm r , slowly mess to another

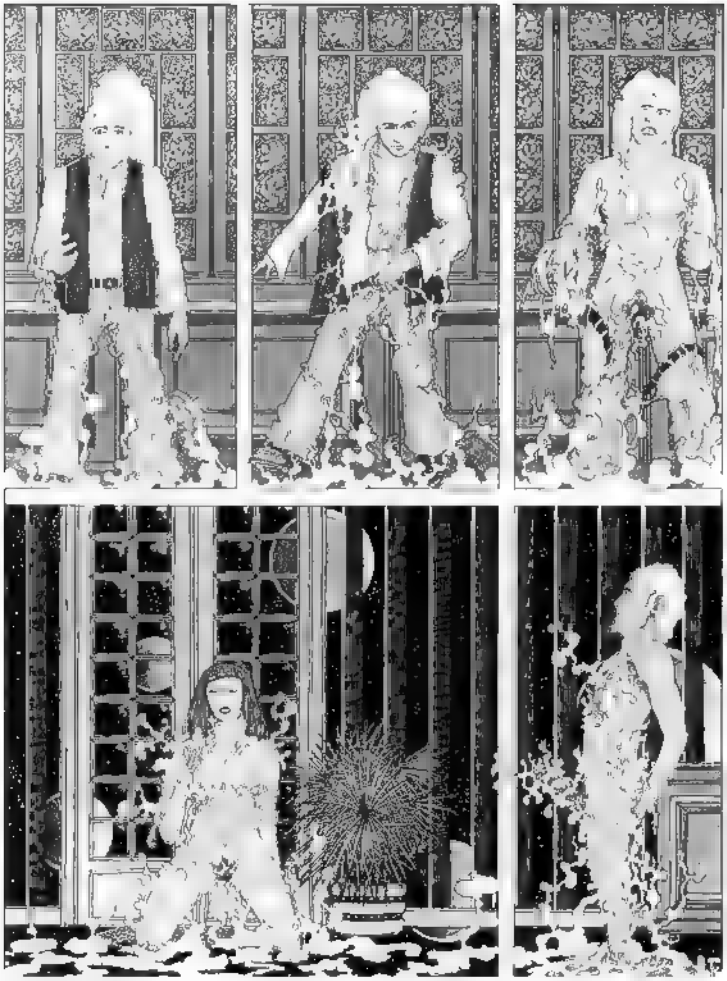
TO BE CONTINUED ...


Package for you, Missus Jones.









Now...wait a minute, Mr. Jones. It's not... it's just that...
FIN

Our Own Little Mardi Grass

Continued from page 61

Merriass Markham struggles nigra paws, claws *lookit* him drool smashes Miss Markham to the floor reaches, she screeches, nigra hands, rends, rips Miss Merriass's frilly gown *rip* down the back she rolls cloth falls away from big pink rubies round boobies nigra growls audience howls *and:*

whimpering half-naked sum womanhood backs away from slobbing black animan backs he lunges an arm claws at hanging cloth at pure white womanhood's waist *r-i-i-p* nigra swings arm away in triumph pink and white shreds hanging from clawlike headband Miss Merriass Markham no longer fearing stands straight in spangspot eyes flashing bos-m heaving as they say (mmm, bosom heaving) starkass naked pale white flesh pale in now-pale spangspot only spots of color her golden lox, dark eyes, red lips (open, panting, love those big bodiorifices they-mac?) and red nips and that curly triangle pub hair like night delight and what's that?

Curled around her jelly hip what's that black what's that? Round it goes around that sweet soft crotch that lovie V and up around her hip and back O Underline the Arse and back between and around and what? A handle it has she grasps and uncoils a whip (a bullwhip a buckwhip) and up-raises't in the spangspot and look-*lookit* that face that joy that maidenhood defended boyoboy o *lookit* that coon *now* willya see him cringe see him crawl

he *knows* his place

but she won't let him off that easy Miss Merriass swings that whip and *schupp!* look it that nigra roll hear him whine *phwapp!* O good O God O finefinefine O go Miss Merriass and *crack!* O look o look his back the red the people lose their mind the cheers and screams and hips, hips working, losing minds, pelvis grinds tears, cheers the nigra falls, Miss Merriass Triumphant calls defiant independent slogan:

Never!

Lights out, rustling sighing moaning and houselights quup noomful of men (well...) sitting drained, Miss Merriass and troupe not to be seen shorifatblond emcee in centerroom waving arms up and down blinking mouth working no sound at first (but who cares? a great audience, not a dry crotch in the house!) — Thank you thank you Miss Merriass Markham thanks you please note ladies (hmm) and gentlemen that the nigra was accredited member Actors Professional Guild qualified simulator available weddings and bar mitzvahs this is, after all, a respectable establishment drink up ladies (?) m gentlemen thank you.–

Well the Jack Daniels sippin was about done by now so he poured a few drops for Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie and finished up the rest himself and smacked his hand down hard on the table some money in it bills and coins made a good solid sound on the fakewood and stood up, up too Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie, followed him to the door past the (one might so dignify him) *maitre d'hote* a short man with the cutest blond strings crossing his pate plastered with perspiration (or sweat as they say) on his forehead and a couple strands dank dangling before his *left* eye and — Thank you sir O thank you — as they passed through the dirty door with the stapaglass panel (the extra O thank you for a sweet tweak in a sensitive spot) and onto the landing.

— Base now — he said.

— Yes — said Gordon Lester Wallace III and Freddie.

They scapp-scappered down dingy stairs out dingy door at bottom retraced steps past quick glimpse at Leto Comp Svcs peered into Noozan Sundries (last edns now on sale N'ALA TRIUMPH () BLACKS FALLING BACK () RUMOR N'DESERET TO ENTER WAR () TREASON TRIAL IN TRUSSVILLE paisembys), military supplies (needny bentfin boomers?), Piggy Peggy's (eyecorner glimpse of John Darn entering establishment), and EATs and B A R.

Gyrenes back to two-wheel gyrocar and !whatchaknow! clever electronic device done *caught* somebody (short man and fat with platinum locks) see'm *write* willya?

GLWIII&F watch as he keys off clever device, writher falls, he chexm — No fun this bucketkicker — he gets in gyro, G+ in back seat, 'nolf we go on the red rut road and – to (but of course!) heddie.

Darkness in barracks, he listens:

— Deepspace, do you think? —

— N'Cathay? —

— N'Yu-Atlanchi bet, —

— Invade, invade N'Haiti show furgem papadocs, —

— Think we'll ever get back on O'Earth? —

Sniggers. From sarge's private (well) cubicle: — Orders tomorrow. Now quiet! —

Rustles and sighs. O

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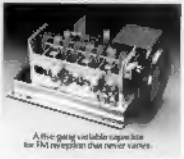

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